the ALTERNATIVE:
AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

The Abuse of Richard Nixon

by Nick Thimmesch

William R. Havender
Understanding Jensen

James L. Buckley
In Praise of Ecology

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Har Har, A Manifesto

Harry Schwartz
British Medicine

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The Continuing Crisis

■ February, and connoisseurs of the bathetic were gladdened to see that Richard M. Nixon has not lost his old magic, his mysterious power to leave a hint of the loony wherever he goes, with whomsoever he associates, with his adversaries most of all. Friends leave his side and promptly walk into open manholes though their pockets abound with rabbit's feet. Enemies sit down to write critical essays and their wives discover them in the wee of the night baying at the moon. Mr. Nixon remains a figure of awe. Frankly, I would not touch him if my hands were dripping with holy water and the Holy Ghost were hovering just overhead.

■ On February 20 he left for a nine-day visit to China and immediately set all of his old friends bawling like mental defectives. The White House waxed lachrymose about the trip's effect on President Ford's conquest of New Hampshire. Barry Goldwater's language took on the eloquence and profundity of a bumper sticker. The Democrats saw visions of Napoleon returning from Elba. And the Washington press corps? Well, the mild-mannered Mr. David Broder referred to the trip as "incredible," and saw the man as "shameless," willing "to exploit and corrupt every institution and relationship of which he has ever been a part." His remarks concluded in such violence that my conscience restrains me from printing the words. Let it merely be said that even the Clark Kent of American journalism is not immune to the Nixon magic.

■ As for the mysterious Mr. Nixon, he spoke with China's new grand panjandrum, visited the remnants of Chairman Mao, and roamed about the countryside followed by an ambulance. At one stop he attempted to convey to his audience something of the latest in American pop culture and—as documented in the redoubtable *Philadelphia Bulletin*—quipped "twenty-three skidoo," a term that baffled his interpreters but did remind the more *dégagé* Nixon watchers of the man's inimitable style.

■ On February 19, Prime Minister Harold Wilson announced plans to make sizable excisions in Britain's social welfare programs during the next two years, an austerity move nudged on by that island's economic exhaustion, but a move that invited jeers and shrieks from leftist Labour representatives who had sensed that with 25 percent inflation and 1.5 million people unemployed Britain was about to stride into the dawn of Sidney Webb's socialist dream. Their pique is understandable for the intensely ideological Labour Party has been making deep inroads into British society, as was manifest earlier in the month when a Government study revealed that nine out of ten London boys had been involved in at least one theft before leaving school. Perhaps an even more auspicious indication of the popularity of Labour's fundamental tenet was provided by the revelation that theft was increasingly popular with girls and with boys under the age of seven. Nonetheless Mr. Wilson's break with three decades of socialist thought is ominous. He will cut $3.6 billion from the British Government's 1977-78 spending and $6 billion more the following year. "A final betrayal of social justice," cried one concerned left Labourite, who confided his especial apprehension that these cuts will affect Britain's state-run health service, a remarkably farsighted national program that late in January began a night school for transsexuals "where men who have changed their sex can learn to face the world as women."

■ Visionary politics may be wilting in Britain, but in America it was idealism as usual when on February 2 Senators Abraham A. Ribicoff and Charles Percy introduced legislation to create "a national center for women." The center, which will "review, monitor, and investigate" the enforcement of women's rights legislation throughout deepest darkest America, is beginning at a propitious time, for hundreds of professional snoopers are now unemployed because of the jehad that has been waged against older intelligence agencies by Congressional liberals like Ribicoff and Percy. Ironically, as Congress circumscribes the snooping activities of the IRS, the FBI, and the CIA, it opens even more surveillance opportunities for the busybodies of HEW et al.

■ Miss Dyan Cannon, the gifted actress and intellectual, plans to direct her first documentary, a film on "children's bathroom trauma" entitled *Number One*. And a cultural revolution is sweeping Daly City, California, where the town's intellectuals were distraught upon hearing that the town council banned augury, cartomancy, clairaudience, clairvoyance, crystal gazing, divination, fortune-telling, graphology, life-reading, necromancy, palmistry, phrenology, and prophecy. Whether the law will extend to newsstand sales of the *New York Review of Books* remains unclear. Miss Gloria Swanson, 76, the retired actress who has been intrepidly waging a national campaign against "sugar in the diet" paused from the promotion of her recent monograph, "Sugar Blues," to take her sixth husband, Mr. William Dufty, 60, a convert who trimmed from 225 to 142 pounds once smitten by the charismatic Miss Swanson.

■ The ill-starred life of Mr. Ernesto Miranda ended when the long-time rapist, kidnapper, thug, and constitutional scholar fell into a disagreement at a nocturnal poker game in Phoenix. It was Mr. Miranda's 1966 Supreme Court case that considerably widened defendants' rights upon being pinched. And in New York City Conrad Ramirez is recovering at the home of his mother from his most recent attempt at suicide. Mr. Ramirez, who has failed on three prior occasions, hurled himself through a twelfth-story window only to discover that the window opened on a fire escape. Bleeding profusely and complaining of "headaches" Mr. Ramirez was disentangled from the fire escape and rushed to Holy Family Hospital where he received blood transfusions and a visit from psychiatrist Seymour Feinblatt, who pronounced him sane but "overly apprehensive about New York's fiscal plight."

■ The rather incredible news from Washington, D.C. is that the only thing restraining Congress from making the bribery of foreign pols by American corporations *malum prohibitum* is their concern over the possible damage such laws might have on the U.S. economy. The Supreme Court refused to allow the Polish-American Congress equal time on ABC to reply to Mr. Dick Cavett's Polish jokes, presumably on the humane grounds that such a reply would only trigger more of these cruel japes. And debate still rages within the American Civil Liberties Union over that Michigan Supreme Court decision giving dogs the right to bite humans who step on the animals' tails. According to the equal protection doctrine humans should have the reciprocal right to bite dogs, but few humans have tails.

■ The astonishing success of Secretary of State Kissinger's policy of detente became apparent in February when the Soviet Union refused to join with those other Western diplomats living in Moscow who deplored the American Embassy's failure to notify them that the Embassy had become a health hazard. Apparently the building abounds with radiation from Russian listening devices. From democratic Tirana comes word that Albanians are gaily accepting the new constitution written for them by Communist Party leader Enver Hoxha, LL.B. Even those Albanians who have been ordered to shed family names that clash with the nation's "political, ideological, and moral standards" are full of the kind of proletarian gusto for life that can only be experienced in a Marxist paradise.

■ President Idi Amin can take pride in New York City's recently published figures on parking violators. According to these figures, cars owned by Uganda's UN mission swept the first three places in a list dominated by well intentioned Third World and Communist countries. One of the Ugandan cars averaged three parking violations per day! A seven-hundred-pound male elk became the second animal to be shot and surreptitiously slaughtered for meat at the Worcester, Massachusetts zoo. Mr. Reggie Frye, 46, was arrested in Los Angeles for absconding with his fiancée's artificial eye and holding it for a three-hundred-dollar ransom. And that West Virginia teacher who attracted the professional notice of the Pennsylvania Highway Patrol when he sped past apparently naked, was booked for nothing more serious than drunk driving when the troopers discovered that he had modestly swathed his nether regions with a bewildered but harmless five-foot snake.

■ Still, the most curious news comes from the Soviet Union where Mr. George Costakis, an employee of the Canadian Embassy and owner of the largest collection of constructivist art in Russia, had his entire one-and-a-half-million-dollar collection stolen simultaneously from his Moscow apartment and his country dacha. What is even more perplexing is that crime is illegal in the Soviet Union. —*RET*

Editor in Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.; **Publisher:** Baron Von Kannon of the Saturday Evening Club; **Business Manager:** Ronald E. Burr; **Managing Editor:** Adam Meyerson; **Assistant Managing Editor:** Joyce Goldberg; **Production Manager:** Martin E. Northway; **Executive Secretary:** Marian Staum; **Senior Editors:** Terry Krieger, William Kristol, Rev. George Nathan; **Art Advisor:** Elliott Banfield; **Associates:** David Brudnoy, Jameson Campaigne, Jr., D.W. Cooper, John R. Coyne, Jr., Joseph P. Duggan, Alan Reynolds; **Art:** Thomas Bewick, Gustave Doré, Mendle V. Monad; **Contributors:** Aram Bakshian, Jr., Frank W. Blatchford III, A. Lawrence Chickering, Christopher DeMuth, Terry Eastland, John C. Elsbury, Jerry Gerde, Fran Griffin, Kenneth Elvin Grubbs, Jr., Anthony Harrigan, Neil Howe, Leslie Lenkowsky, W. Wesley McDonald, Robert McTiernan, William H. Nolte, Gary North, Karl O'Lessker, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein, J. Whitney Stillman, Timothy J. Wheeler; **Legal Counsel:** Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short.

5 **The Abuse of Richard Nixon** ..... **Nick Thimmesch** 5
9 **Conservatives and the Environment** ..... **James L. Buckley** 9
10 **Sense and Nonsense about the Jensenist Heresy** ..... **William R. Havender** 10
15 **The English Crisis: III. The Infirmity of British Medicine** ..... **Harry Schwartz** 15
20 **Soviet-American Cultural Ties: Kto kogo?** ..... **Robert F. Byrnes** 20
24 **The Cloacal Scribe** ..... **Chilton Williamson, Jr.** 24

Departments

2 **The Continuing Crisis** 2
4 **Editorial** ..... **R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.** 4
13 **Eminentoes** ..... **Philip Terzian** 13
23 **The Business of America** ..... **Stephen A. Snow** 23
28 **The Nation's Pulse** ..... **Peter J. Rusthoven** 28
32 **The Talkies** ..... **Christopher Buckley** 32
34 **The Bootblack Stand** ..... **George Washington Plunkitt** 34
36 **Brudnoy's Film Index** ..... **David Brudnoy** 36
38 **Current Wisdom** ..... **Assorted Jackasses** 38

Reviews

27 ***Thinking about Crime*** ..... **William F. Harvey** 27
30 ***The Gulag Archipelago Two, 1918-1956*** ..... **Juliana G. Pilon** 30
31 ***The Myth of the Hyperactive Child*** ..... **Patricia Kavanagh** 31
34 ***Up from Communism*** ..... **Paul Gottfried** 34

Contributors

David Brudnoy is a Boston television commentator and columnist...**Christopher Buckley** is a student at Yale... **James L. Buckley** is the sainted junior Senator from New York...**Robert F. Byrnes**, a specialist in Soviet studies, is Distinguished Professor of History at Indiana University and interim editor of the *American Historical Review*...**Paul Gottfried** is chairman of the history department at Rockford College...**William F. Harvey** is dean of the Indianapolis Law School of Indiana University...**William R. Havender** has a Ph.D. in genetics from the University of California...**Patricia Kavanagh** is a free-lance writer living in New York...**Juliana G. Pilon** is an instructor in philosophy at Roosevelt University and a research assistant at the Michael Reese Medical Center in Chicago... **Peter J. Rusthoven** is finishing his studies at the Harvard Law School...**Harry Schwartz**, a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, is author of *The Case for American Medicine: A Realistic Look at Our Health Care System* as well as many books on the Communist world...**Stephen A. Snow** is a brand manager with the Clorox Company...**Philip Terzian**, a recent graduate of Villanova, is on the staff of the *New Republic*...**Nick Thimmesch** is a nationally syndicated columnist and free-lance writer based in Washington, D.C. ...**Chilton Williamson, Jr.** is book editor for *National Review*.

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Editorial/R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Har Har, A Manifesto

The man: his eyes roving, his sweaty hand yearning for another transient flesh-pressing, his head full of what we quickly recognize as hallucinations. His dress is a confrontation between the garish and the vaguely Churchillian—there is something suggestive of a pallbearer at a homosexual funeral, yet a maniacal eagerness marks his every movement. He grins, "Call me Birch, not Senator."

The woman: her eyes roving, her face handsome enough, but her forehead suggestive of a knee, and her body lumbering beneath its caparison of contemporary elegance. Khaki is her color. She thinks in slogans, and what she thinks is not sunny. When she was a little girl she strangled the family cat.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you two gifted Americans: the first, an American Senator hotly pursuing destiny's call, the second a women's liberationist dutifully earning a handsome living for herself and a cute wire-haired terrier. These are only two of the many remarkable Americans who seek to enlighten and improve us. They are sober, assiduous, and abounding with advanced ideas. They tour the nation speaking on TV shows, on college campuses, and at prandial atrocities. They write monographs, grant interviews, and even write books. Some take to the barricades, such as they are these days. Some carry placards in front of the house where Jerry sleeps. These are the luminaries of the public discourse.

They are as moronic a mob of louts as has ever been at large in any civilized country since the dawn of Christendom, and certain intelligent persons still urge that the civilized minority grant them a respectful hearing and a serious rebuttal. It is appalling. Some notions parading around the Republic today are so preposterous and sniveling that to accord them careful analysis and courteous rejoinder is to accord them a dignity that is as undeserved as it is injurious to public morals.

Truth to tell, those who bawl for women's "liberation," homosexual "rights," black nationalism, populism, and the prohibition of tobacco in public places are charlatans whose very causes are often misnomers. The rights of women and homosexuals are practically indistinguishable from the rights of the average Americano, and when these haranguers ask for something more they are asking for privileges. If they cannot bear the burden of those privileges too bad for them. The sophistries they spin are unworthy of more than a horse-laugh. Disillusioned liberals might take them seriously, psychiatrists might take them seriously, but there is no compelling reason why the civilized minority should corrupt ratiocination by hearing them out and replying soberly.

Whoever heard of discussing immunology with a peripatetic snake-oil salesman? And why should I discuss sociology or Western History with some lunatic woman whose thesis is that rape has, since Adam, been the fundamental nexus between man and woman? Yet many otherwise sound minds lecture me on the impropriety of ridiculing that which is patently ridiculous. They withdraw to their book-lined lairs, kiss their pictures of Matthew Arnold, and essay learned and rigorous rejoinders to the fanatics of the moment. Such tracts are often engaging and occasionally even edifying, but I suspect their impact on the public discourse is rarely more forceful than the State of the Union message or the poetry of Rod McKuen. What the sober-minded always neglect is the doleful fact that the proponents of mischief and nonsense are under no obligation to respond to intelligent criticism. In fact if recent history is any guide, it is clear that they resent it and hide from it. I have never heard of a William Kunstler taking up the challenge of an Alexander Bickel nor do I expect I ever will. When the American media decide to give evenhanded treatment to some burning matter, say, black nationalism, they generally feature every fuliginous lunatic raving in the land and balance them off with a lamented kleagle or a kinky anthropologist, steeped in the lore of Nordic supremacy. In fact I would go so far as to say that most of those infamies of yesteryear still staggering around today are kept alive solely by the media, which forever seek them out to provide "balance" during discussions of today's infamies. Far from giving truth a chance to triumph over inequity, those impresarios of dialogue merely contribute to the perpetuation of delinquency. America's chief inducements to extremism and charlatanry are talk shows and the college lecture circuit. Where else could astrologers, aging radicals, and John Dean do so well?

I do not mean to denigrate serious scholarship nor do I intend to condemn an occasional serious polemic against some idiotic enthusiasm. But I do believe that a great deal of serious polemicism can be put down as wasted breath and—what is worse—delusion. Serious replies to the canards heaved up by the women of the fevered brow are no doubt useful and desirable, but they are generally useful only to those who already know what is what or to those presently in transit. When they lend dignity to an idiotic position or when they perpetuate the misconception that idiots and mischievous zealots are fetched by reason, serious replies themselves become mischievous, for they send armies of bright and civilized persons off into the archives and leave the levers of power to the cranks.

Today the vast majority of panaceas for reform and justice are, in a word, foolish. What is more they are the enthusiasms of profoundly committed fools. No amount of careful argumentation is going to disabuse these fools of them. Some analysis may clarify the issues and even offer a passing opportunity for enlightenment, but that is about it. Egalitarianism is a doctrine so bashed and battered by learned syllogisms that it is, intellectually speaking, a basket case. Yet today it rides high, and those who have pummeled it with their logic and learning are back in their libraries pondering how a world that has witnessed the likes of Einstein, Faulkner, and Charles Manson can still wobble at the thought that we are all easily and duly folded into cookie molds. They are stumped. They are prayerful. They wonder how next to battle this idiotic and baneful idea. My suggestion is that they roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands, and ridicule the rascals who afflict us.

Scholarship is important, serious analysis of contemporary problems is necessary, but when contemporary problems reek with foolishness and purposive foolishness at that, the only way to scotch the rascals is to pull off their vestments and expose their monkeyshines. What is more, in a world full of influenza, inflation, and Presidential primaries, it is about the only harmless amusement left.

Still the sober-minded resist, admonishing that, were they to give themselves over to lampooning the eminently lampoonable, the plain folk of the Republic would conclude that there exists no serious core of values for society to defend. A calumny against the plain folk, I reply, and a malversation against the record It was not the AFL-CIO and the Chamber of Commerce that accorded solemnity to the cause of the militant pederasts or to the sponsors of Alice Doesn't Day. This spoonery can be chalked up to the intelligentsia and the urban sophisticates. They are the people who pondered the absurdities of the last ten or so years; the feebleminded amongst them capitulating to and countenancing obvious flapdoodle, while the sober-minded withdrew to the archives, and composed their tracts. The tracts have devastated every absurd claim, and today we can honestly say that women's liberation and homosexual liberation have ushered in not one intelligent or useful idea. And yet the ideas endure and menace our freedom through legal prodigies like affirmative action. It was not the plain folk who were corrupted or hoodwinked. They jeered and hooted at every asinine notion. When they heard of respected thinkers meditating on these asinine ideas they were astonished

(*continued on page 39*)

The Alternative: An American Spectator • April 1976 • Volume 9, Number 7

Nick Thimmesch

The Abuse of Richard Nixon

Back in those miserable months of 1973 and 1974, many defenders of President Nixon thought he was being unfairly vilified by the press and by Congress. These apologists did not excuse Nixon's abuses of Presidential power, but they thought that his predecessors had likewise abused the power of their office, and that it was unfair to single out Nixon for condemnation. Nor did they try to justify the Watergate cover-up, but they thought it unfair that only Nixon's Administration was so closely scrutinized. Who knows whether previous Presidents would have also tried to obstruct justice, if they had been subject to such a blistering investigation?

This argument that Nixon's Administration was no different than his predecessors' became thinner and thinner as his case weakened and his misrepresentations swelled. By the time on August 9, 1974 when the helicopter took him away, tears and all, to exile in San Clemente, almost everyone was convinced of his singular perfidy—so that even now the pundits rave hysterically whenever his name is mentioned.

In the meantime, however, the Church committee investigation of intelligence activities has revealed a wealth of material about previous Administrations which may put Nixon's in some perspective. We learn, for example, that President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to snoop on hundreds of Americans who had sent FDR telegrams "all more or less in opposition to national defense" or that approved Charles Lindbergh's criticism of Roosevelt. A few years later, Hoover was sending "Personal and confidential" letters to President Truman which contained tidbits of political intelligence—reports of Communist influence in a Senator's speech, advance word that a scandal was brewing which would be "very embarrassing to the Democratic administration," and confidential reports on which publications were going to break stories exposing organized crime and corrupt politicians. The Eisenhower Administration also willingly received confidential advisories from the FBI on the role of Communists in the civil rights movement and derogatory raw files on individuals charging the federal government with racial discrimination.

We learn that Presidents Kennedy and Johnson did not halt these questionable practices by the FBI, and actually were happy to make use of them. Kennedy had the FBI pursue steel company executives and newsmen alike during the steel crisis of 1962. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, despite repeated denials, had all manner of foes and suspects, including newsmen, wiretapped. He is also finally revealed to be responsible for the wiretapping and bugging of Martin Luther King, Jr. And no other President leaned on the FBI to investigate citizens suspected of being his "enemies" as Lyndon Johnson did. Members of Sen. Barry Goldwater's staff, a witness in the Bobby Baker case, government bureaucrats, people attending the 1964 Democratic convention, Mrs. Anna Chennault, Spiro Agnew, Vietnam war protesters—all fell under federal surveillance because of Johnson's feelings of fear and vengeance.

None of these Presidents ever faced the remotest possibility of impeachment. Most of them were secure with majorities of their own party in Congress, and they all presided in times when Washington was not in the mood to disembowel itself—as was the case during Nixon's Administration. These Presidents were also smart enough not to install constant tape-recording systems in the Oval Office, nor, above all, to squander their political power ineptly. If Richard Nixon is guilty of anything at all, it is that he threw away the overwhelming support given him by the American people in 1972.

Now that we know some more about previous Administrations, however, wouldn't it be interesting to measure them by the charges drawn up by the House Judiciary Committee against President Nixon? The charges in Article I about obstruction of justice, and in Article III about contempt of Congress, refer mainly to the Watergate break-in and cover-up, and are therefore unique to the Nixon Administration. But what about the charges in Article II dealing with the abuse of Presidential power?

Consider Section 1, for example, wherein it was charged that Nixon personally and through his subordinates endeavored "to obtain from the Internal Revenue Service in violation of the constitutional rights of citizens confidential information contained in income tax returns..." and to cause tax audits and investigations "in a discriminatory manner."

It was charged that: 1) H.R. (Bob) Haldeman, invoking the President's authority, arranged to get from the IRS the report of its investigation of Gov. George Wallace and his brother, Gerald. Adverse material from that report was leaked to columnist Jack Anderson. 2) John Ehrlichman secured from the IRS the tax returns of Lawrence O'Brien, Democratic

National Chairman. While the returns showed large amounts of income, Ehrlichman's attempt to link this income with Howard Hughes apparently failed. 3) John Dean asked the IRS to develop information on some 575 members of Sen. George McGovern's campaign staff. But IRS Director Johnnie Walters refused to comply with the Dean request, and the matter was dropped.

Now, nasty as all this business is, it is hardly new in Washington, as Clark Mollenhoff, the journalist who became Nixon's ombudsman, can well testify. Presidents have alternately used the IRS to "get" political enemies, as well as to do favors for friends. As Mollenhoff points out in *Game Plan for Disaster*, there is "no way in which access to tax returns can be used to harass an honest man, but an unscrupulous taxing agency can grant favored treatment" to political friends when protected by IRS secrecy. And it is clear that the transgressions of the Nixon Administration on this score were small compared with those of previous Administrations.

The Truman Administration was rife with IRS scandals. In 1952, 174 IRS officials were fired, and nearly all were subject to criminal charges. A former IRS Commissioner, Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., was indicted and convicted. Assistant Commissioner Daniel L. Bolich was indicted on personal tax fraud, and indicted again as a key figure in the tax-fix ring run by Henry Grunewald in Washington. President Truman's appointments secretary, Matthew Connelly, was convicted with T. Lamar Caudle on charges of defrauding the government by accepting oil royalties in return for helping a St. Louis man escape prosecution on tax fraud.

Republican Administrations made sure that prominent Democrats who let their taxes slip got plenty of heat from the IRS. When the Democrats were in, they did the same to name-Republicans. For example, Iowa's Governor William Beardsley was indicted and convicted on an income tax charge after a prominent Iowa Democrat urged the action on the Democratic Administration of Harry Truman.

When Robert F. Kennedy was Attorney General, he had the IRS send income tax materials and returns on many labor racketeers, and some of this information was leaked to the press. President Johnson secured the returns of countless individuals, and often sent copies of those returns to his crony, Abe Fortas, or to the Fortas law firm, for perusal. So by comparison, Nixon was hardly in the same league with his predecessors.

Or consider the second general charge in Article II—that President Nixon had misused the FBI, the Secret Service, and "other executive personnel" by unconstitutionally directing them to use wiretapping and other forms of surveillance on citizens "for purposes unrelated to national security, the enforcement of laws, or any other lawful function of his office."

As evidence for this charge, it was stated, first, that between 1969 and 1971 Nixon, with Henry Kissinger attending to the details, had 17 persons wiretapped, including journalists and White House staffers, ostensibly to determine who was leaking information to the press about national security matters. The taps were regarded as legal at the time, were authorized by Attorney General John Mitchell, and put into place under the direction of FBI Director Hoover, with reports on the tapped conversations going to Kissinger. Critics claim that Nixon and Kissinger instituted the taps to check the loyalty of staffers, and that there was no substantive need for them.

Second, it was stated that Tom Charles Huston, acting on Presidential order, drafted a plan of interagency surveillance, surreptitious entries, and mail covers, and got tentative approval from Nixon. But Mitchell and Hoover opposed this decision, and Nixon withdrew his approval five days later.

Finally, it was stated that Nixon allowed the now infamous "Plumbers" unit to be established. Though a federal judge declared that Nixon had no prior knowledge of the Plumbers' burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, the burglary was authorized by members of the President's staff.

Now if wiretapping, creating a short-lived "Huston Plan," and breaking into a private citizen's office are considered impeachable offenses, what do we know about any similar activity taking place in previous Administrations?

According to information developed by the Church committee, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy authorized wiretaps in 1962 on *New York Times* reporter Hanson Baldwin and his secretary, which lasted about one month. FBI records showed that Kennedy authorized wiretaps on a reporter for *Newsweek* magazine in 1961 as part of an investigation of a leak of classified information. Still other FBI materials show that Kennedy authorized wiretaps on at least six other American citizens, including three officials from his own executive branch, a Congressional staff member, and two registered lobbying agents for foreign interests.

All these Kennedy taps were justified as in the interest of "national security." Why Baldwin, his secretary, and the *Newsweek* reporter were wiretapped was never explained. But the Kennedys loved to punish and reward the press, and Baldwin and the *Newsweek* reporter were strong critics of the man John F. Kennedy named as his Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara. As of this writing, the Senate Intelligence Committee has not determined the true intent of the other six taps. It has been suggested, however, that their purpose was to influence Rep. Harold Cooley (D.-N.C.), then Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, to come round to the Kennedys' wishes on a pending sugar bill.

Another way the Kennedys abused

power was in their attempts to get even with people who had crossed them. For example, when Victor Lasky's unflattering portrait, *JFK: The Man and the Myth*, rose to number one on the best seller list, Lasky found himself under investigation by the Justice Department. Though Robert Kennedy denied that he authorized any probing of Lasky, he admitted, after insistent questioning by the late Sen. Kenneth Keating, that an "overzealous" official had undertaken such an investigation without Kennedy's approval. Lasky maintains that he was actually "followed" during this period, and thought it somewhat humorous that the "overzealous" official was a former Senate committee investigator who specialized in wiretapping. This official attempted to learn whether Lasky was connected with subversive activities. Subsequently, Lasky was charged by several Democratic state chairmen as being an ex-Communist, and National Chairman John Bailey described him as a "Birchite," though neither description fits. Thus, the executive wing of government, under the Kennedys, used its power in an attempt to defame one of its critics (a felony in itself, according to 18 U.S. Code 1503).

Kennedy rough stuff often came down on the press as well. California Republican Congressman Bob Wilson, in a speech in the House, described how a publisher was wined and dined at the White House and then sent to see Attorney General Kennedy at the Justice Department. There followed a discussion of a possible antitrust violation involving the publisher's paper. Soon, the publisher issued an order that columnists and newsmen on the paper were to let up in their criticism of the New Frontier.

There was no more flagrant abuse of power in the Kennedy Administration, however, than the establishment of a "Get Hoffa Squad" which Robert Kennedy built into the Justice Department with the full knowledge of his brother, the President.

On an organizational chart at Justice, the labor and racketeering unit is a subdivision of the Organized Crime Section of the Criminal Division, and that's where the Hoffa investigation belonged. But Robert Kennedy's hatred of Jimmy Hoffa was obsessive, and in his Justice Department, Hoffa belonged to him. Walter Sheridan, the former FBI man who showed unblinking loyalty to Kennedy, headed the special squad out to get Hoffa. This unit was autonomous, arrogant, ruthless, powerful, never lacking for funds, and probably illegal. Sheridan ordered all manner of federal manpower into action, including FBI men and a team of 20 lawyers. It was the power and money of the federal government brought to force against a single citizen, though admittedly a seamy one.

As Charles Shaffer, an eager member of the squad, said: "Some people say Kennedy was out to get Hoffa. Well, let me tell you, they are 100 percent right. And Bobby couldn't wait. He asked me when was the earliest I could start. I said two calendar months. He said be here Monday."

The pursuit was relentless. "I knew where he was 24 hours a day," Sheridan bragged. A book by Esther and Robert James told how Hoffa was convinced he was followed by FBI agents constantly, had his phone tapped, his mail opened, and electronic listening devices beamed at him from half-a-mile away which were aided by invisible powder that agents rubbed on his clothing. FBI agents, Hoffa claimed, were disguised as bellhops, desk clerks, maids, and doormen in the hotel where the Teamsters held their convention. The IRS combed the tax returns of Teamster officials and the firms they had contracts with. FBI men stole Teamster records and then accused Teamster leaders of destroying them.

Hoffa was finally "gotten" when a Teamster, in league with the "squad," spied on Hoffa and produced evidence that Hoffa was trying to bribe a juror. Kennedy was so delighted that he threw a party for the "Get Hoffa Squad" in Georgetown. His loyalists presented him with a leather wallet embossed with the very words the jury foreman uttered when he announced the verdict against Hoffa.

Let us turn now to the Johnson Administration, which, according to William C. Sullivan, onetime assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, used the FBI for political purposes more than any other Administration. (Roosevelt's was second on his list.) One of the worst activities of the FBI is to institute a "name check," meaning to collect raw material about a given person, much of it misinformation supplied by his enemies. Now the "name check" that the Nixon White House ran on CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr has been written about *ad nauseam*. But it wasn't until the Church committee was forced to do a little digging that it learned that President Johnson ordered "name checks" on at least seven journalists, including NBC's David Brinkley, Peter Arnett of the Associated Press, and Joseph Kraft, the syndicated columnist.

In 1964, when Johnson's top aide, Walter Jenkins, was arrested in a homosexual situation in the men's room of a YMCA near the White House, Johnson had Bill Moyers ask the FBI to run "name checks" on all persons employed in Senator Barry Goldwater's office. J. Edgar Hoover had told Johnson, according to Moyers, that two employees of the Republican National Committee, former Goldwater staffers, might have tried to entrap Jenkins. The suspicions of Hoover and Johnson were unfounded.

Johnson also had the FBI do "name checks" on dozens of people who sent telegrams to the White House in 1965 critical of U.S. Vietnam policy. According to Church committee material, names of other critics of Johnson were also sent to the FBI to be checked and reported on.

Johnsonian power, activated by political anger, came to bear on the Bobby Baker case in 1967. The FBI, in 1965, refused a request from the Criminal Division of the Justice Department to wiretap a witness in the Baker investigation. So the Criminal Division had the Bureau of Narcotics in the Treasury Department do the job. According to Marvin Watson, a White House aide, Johnson became quite "exercised" when he learned about this in 1967, and ordered the FBI to conduct a "run down" on the man who headed the Criminal Division in 1965, as well as four officials in the Treasury Department, and specifically, to determine whether any of these people had associations with Robert F. Kennedy.

And Johnson, like President Nixon, was happy to receive political information on U.S. Senators which the FBI had picked up as a "bonus" in its electronic surveillance of foreign intelligence targets for national security purposes. Again, a perverse use of national security.

The records also show that on Oct. 30, 1968, Johnson asked the FBI to conduct "physical surveillance" of Mrs. Anna Chennault, widow of the famous leader of the "Flying Tigers," who became a prominent Republican activist. Thus Mrs. Chennault was spied on in New York City and Washington, according to FBI man Sullivan, "for the purpose of developing political information which could be used against Mr. Nixon" in the Presidential campaign.

Similarly, Johnson ordered the FBI to check telephone toll call records in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to determine if Vice Presidential candidate Spiro Agnew had phoned Mrs. Chennault or the South Vietnamese embassy on November 2, 1968, when he was campaigning in Albuquerque. Johnson was told by the FBI that there were no such records. The FBI subsequently reported that Johnson was interested in the activities of Mrs. Chennault and Agnew because he was "apparently suspicious that the South Vietnamese were trying to sabotage his peace negotiations in the hope that Nixon would win the election and then take a harder line towards North Viet Nam."

In a "Top Secret" statement which the Senate Watergate Committee had, but never pursued, FBI man Sullivan described how Johnson had the FBI set up a "special squad at the [1964] convention to be of assistance to him in various ways." The alibi was that this "security squad" would "guard against militants, etc." Sullivan commented: "Nothing of this scope had ever been done before or since, to my memory. Included in the assistance rendered was the development of political information useful to President Johnson." In short, LBJ ordered a spy-squad to work for his personal political purposes which included snooping on the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and Martin Luther King.

Now, remember John Doar, who, as special counsel to the House Judiciary Committee, carefully and soberly considered the sins of Richard Nixon? No one questioned Doar's thoughtful approach to the awesome chore of collecting the evidence and making a case for impeach-

ment charges. But then no one knew about the "Doar Plan," which has just been revealed in the last few months.

On September 27, 1967, John Doar, as Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, sent a 12-page confidential memo to Attorney General Ramsay Clark on the problem of troublemakers in urban areas. At the time, the Republic was afflicted with endless racial disorders in the cities. President Johnson wanted something done about it quickly, and Attorney General Clark had the word.

Doar recommended that a "single intelligence unit" be established to analyze the enormous output of the FBI "about certain persons and groups who make the urban ghetto their base of operation." But Doar also wanted other agencies of government to be used in keeping track of urban troublemakers.

"This is a sensitive area," he wrote, "but the poverty programs, the Labor Department programs and the Neighborhood Legal Services, all have access to facts which a unit in the Department might find helpful. At the very least the intelligence unit should know where the poverty programs are operating, where the Neighborhood Legal Services are located, who is staffed there so that if there were a need in a particular area, the unit would know where to go to get additional factual material.

"Other investigative agencies of the federal government might also furnish intelligence information, for example, the intelligence unit of Internal Revenue Service. I found that in Detroit this unit, under the direction of John Olszewski, had by far the best knowledge of the Negro areas in Detroit. According to Olszewski, the Alcohol, Tax and Tobacco Unit has the best intelligence on the geography of ghetto areas. The Narcotics Bureau is another possibility, and finally, my experience in Detroit suggests that the Post Office Department might be helpful. Perhaps utilization of other agencies' intelligence potential is too big and difficult a task, but I raise it for your consideration."

No one has charged that anything is illegal in this memorandum, but the potential for abuse is clear. Doar, however, has never even been called to testify about it. Nor was Ramsay Clark ever questioned about "Operation Garden Plot," the Army operation he approved that spied on civilian troublemakers in major cities. When the excesses of "Garden Plot" were publicized, it was the military, not Clark or Defense Secretary Clark Clifford or Lyndon Johnson, father of these schemes, who caught the hell.

Will we ever know the whole story of the Bobby Baker case, how this remarkable wheeler-dealer used his White House connections, and whether President Johnson could have been dragged through it the way Nixon was through Watergate? Too bad that in this time of telling all, Sen. Everett Jordan isn't alive to tell why he didn't push the full investigation of the case through the Rules Committee which he headed. According to Clark Mollenhoff, such an investigation would have reached right into the Oval Office of LBJ. But Johnson held sway over Jordan, and the Democrats outvoted the Republicans, 42-33, to back him and stop the inquiry.

Or will we ever know the full story of the Kennedy Administration? Some are convinced that there is a "Protect Kennedy Organization" at work in Washington, and that it numbers prominent Senators, journalists, lawyers, and activists who cannot bring themselves to the notion that all was not well in Camelot.

True or not, we did see a parade of men who served in high posts in the Kennedy Administration—Robert S. McNamara, Richard Goodwin, Theodore Sorensen, Roswell Gilpatric, McGeorge Bundy, and John McCone—testify that they never heard President Kennedy or Robert Kennedy issue direct orders to assassinate Fidel Castro or even to indulge in serious discussion of such a plot. Additionally, Sen. Edward Kennedy announced that it was inconceivable that his late brother, the President, would ever authorize an assassination of a foreign leader. The *Washington Post* ran an article wherein Richard Goodwin described a situation where he was alone with Kennedy and

the President told him he would never get involved in any assassination scheme. From New York, other Kennedymen announced that Robert F. Kennedy never would have allowed anything like that either.

But President Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy did authorize "Operation Mongoose," a secret war against Castro which was an attempt to overthrow his regime. That program involved Roswell Gilpatric and Goodwin, and at one point, pushed a scheme to disable Cuban sugar workers with chemical spray. Church's investigators did not press their case too hard on this one.

Nor did they give more than casual attention to the strange case of Judith Campbell (Exner), who alternated her favors between President Kennedy and Sam Giancana, a mobster murdered before he could testify about his alleged role in the assassination plot of Cuban Premier Fidel Castro. Whatever the peccadilloes of President Kennedy, there is good reason to question his judgment, in terms of national security, in getting involved with a woman who not only was intimately linked with a Mafia figure, but one who was dealing with the CIA on a plan to assassinate Castro. Impeachable? If Nixon had been so involved, no question but a Democratic Congress would have impeached him for it.

Senator Barry Goldwater, who is sometimes weak on specifics, claims Sen. Church protected the Kennedys. Said Goldwater: "The first few witnesses on assassinations all put their finger on the Kennedy White House. It was obvious that Church was trying to cover up for the Kennedys."

"He had witnesses called back, trying to get them to change their testimony. He brought in Maxwell Taylor, McGeorge Bundy, and Richard Goodwin, who had no real knowledge of the assassination plots, and just kept saying that they couldn't imagine Jack Kennedy doing anything like that. All these statements came from the P.K.O. ('Protect Kennedy Organization') and sounded like they came out of the same typewriter."

There did seem to be a disproportionate number of people with Kennedy connections in the CIA investigation. Sen. Church asked John Doar (Kennedyman) for advice on which legal talent to hire. Doar referred him to Burke Marshall (Kennedyman), a member of the screening committee for the Kennedy Library, and Marshall was hired as a consultant.

Then Marshall, former counsel to IBM, recommended that Church hire F.A.O. Schwartz, a partner in Cravath, Swaine and Moore, the law firm representing IBM, and general counsel to the committee. Katzenbach and Gilpatric (Kennedymen) are partners in that firm, and both were called in to testify.

Church also hired Robert S. McNamara's former son-in-law, Barry Carter, to serve as deputy chief of the military intelligence investigation; and Peter Fenn, son of Dan Fenn, onetime assistant to President Kennedy, and presently Director of the Kennedy Library. Wouldn't you know, one of young Fenn's assignments was to check into the files on Robert F. Kennedy at the Kennedy Library. Maybe it's ethical, but it's all too cozy.

The recent revelations about the Kennedy and Johnson Whites Houses show only the tip of the iceberg: who knows what else went on during their Administrations? What other people were wiretapped, followed by FBI agents, investigated on a "name check" basis? What cover-ups were arranged, what monies disbursed at the Justice Department, what threats made on the telephone, what civil servants fired or transferred? What documents were and are being destroyed? What is hidden away at the Kennedy Library? Did Nixon really outdo his predecessors in the abuse of power?

No absolution of Nixon is given here. The man certainly abused the powers of his office, and his abuses were reprehensible. But my point is that Adam and Eve did not meet at the Watergate. Richard Nixon's White House may have been like Milton's "Palace of Pandemonium," and Washington at the time could be thought of as "the burning lake of Hell," but the Fall of Man did not occur in his Administration. It preceded it by eons. □

James L. Buckley

Conservatives and the Environment

It happens that since my earliest days I have been fascinated with nature, particularly birds. I grew up in the country with a host of pets, ranging from the conventional to such exotica as armadillos and flying squirrels, pythons and tortoises, and Cooper's hawks and South American honey creepers. I worked in a school zoo, banded birds, and at age 16 spent a summer month working in New York's American Museum of Natural History helping classify a collection of Venezuelan birds. My leisure reading for more than thirty years has included books and articles on natural history, and in the course of this I have absorbed some knowledge of the intricacy of ecological relationships, and of man's ultimate dependence on the health of his physical environment.

In recent times, I have developed a particular fascination with the Arctic, where vast areas can still be seen in their untouched state—but a state so fragile that unthinking human action can cause the most long-lasting damage. Arctic vegetation grows so slowly that it may take a century to erase the sledge marks left by explorers.

It was in the Arctic, on two expeditions to capture musk-oxen, that I was introduced by John J. Teal, Jr., to a concept of human ecology in which man consciously adapts naturally occurring biological resources to meet his needs. For more than twenty years, Teal has been working to domesticate the musk-ox, a large mammal that ranges naturally as far north as land extends, in order to provide Eskimos and other peoples living north of the permafrost line with a form of agriculture that can take the place of their fast-disappearing hunting and fishing economy. It is a fascinating attempt to find new ways in which man can coexist with rather than exploit his surroundings, and represents a fresh viewpoint that needs to be encouraged.

Over the years I have developed an appreciation of man's interrelationship with his biological and physical environment. My conservative brethren often charge me with inconsistency because I favor federal legislation to bring air and water pollution under effective control. For my part, I frequently wince when reading articles in conservative journals—even that excellent one, *National Review*, edited by my brother Bill—that do nothing but illustrate their authors' ignorance of elementary questions of biological cause and effect.

This phenomenon saddens me because their every instinct ought to propel conservatives into the forefront of the environmental movement. Conservatives pride themselves on their understanding of the dangers that can accrue from the thoughtless destruction of systems or institutions that have successfully served man's needs; they perceive the existence of natural laws that man in his own highest interest is bound to observe; and they acknowledge a moral obligation to conserve the inheritance received from generations past for the benefit of those to come.

Too few conservatives seem to appreciate the extraordinary complexity and sensitivity of the interdependent ecological systems on which life literally depends. Too few acknowledge that unless man learns to modify some of his habits, this generation of "temporary possessors and life-renters" could well (in Edmund Burke's words) "leave to those who come after... a ruin instead of a habitation."

I suspect that in matters concerning the environment too many conservatives suffer from three sets of intellectual blinders. First, they are put off by the excesses and politics of the "eco-freaks," who seem to be demanding a return to the days of the horse and buggy. Second, they are unlettered in matters ecological. Finally, they rebel at the thoughts that the dangers cited by environmentalists could have developed, as it were, overnight.

Yet the incontrovertible fact is that they are real. While it is impossible to detail here all the factors that have combined to bring these dangers to a head, I will try to sketch certain of those that explain why the problems posed by pollution have suddenly loomed so large.

A body of water or an atmospheric basin has a certain capacity to absorb, to dissipate. Only when the limits of that self-cleaning capacity are reached do we notice that a problem exists at all, and by then it is almost out of hand. This is the result of what is known as the "exponential" effect of introducing ever larger volumes of pollutants into a system. By way of oversimplified illustration, let us take a 1,000-gallon tank with a 100-gallon-a-day outflow. One gallon of liquid is poured into the tank the first day and the amount is doubled every day thereafter: two gallons on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and so on. The 64 gallons poured into the tank on the seventh day will drain out as fast as they are introduced. Only toward the end of the eighth day will we notice any accumulation. By noon of the eleventh, the tank will be overflowing. In other words, by the time a problem is first detected, it has achieved a momentum that may require herculean efforts to bring it under control.

So it has been with lakes and streams and the atmosphere across the country as we discharge increasing volumes of wastes into them. For many years the wastes disappeared from view and were thought to be harmless. But ultimately, as the systems became overburdened, the rate of degradation proceeded with alarming speed and often with sudden biological consequences. Many organisms are highly sensitive to even minor changes in their environment. Add a few degrees to the temperature of a body of water or increase the presence of a given chemical by a few parts per million, and overnight you will have eliminated whole populations of fish or plants.

Another factor has compounded the pollution problem. During most of man's history he has utilized naturally occurring materials and chemicals in his manufacturing processes. The wastes he generated, the goods he discarded, in due course rusted, dissolved, or rotted away, and their component elements were recycled into the earth's soil, air, and water.

In the past few decades, however, men have begun to produce a formidable variety and quantity of synthetic materials and chemicals that resist those natural recycling processes. Many synthetic compounds have been broadcast into the environment without any understanding of their ultimate biological effects. We have learned the hard way that when we deal with persistent substances there may be no such thing as "safe" concentrations when utilized on any scale. Certain chemicals such as DDT are subject to biological concentration as they move up the food chain, and once injected into the environment they cannot be reclaimed. Our production of these biologically indigestible substances has grown from virtually zero to hundreds of billions of pounds annually over the past thirty years.

In sum, our technology has propelled us into a new era where we have the power to disrupt the very rhythms of life. Clearly this is a situation that requires safeguards that only government can impose; and equally clearly, as the flow of water and air ignores political boundaries, only the federal government is in a position to impose them. The need for environmental legislation is self-evident. What is far less evident is how we are to achieve our essential environmental goals without incurring unnecessary cost or dislocation. The state of our technology is still such as to make it virtually impossible for even scientists, let along legislators, to define necessary goals or the methods by which they are to be achieved with any degree of precision.

Conservatives can and should take a direct and informed interest in these problems. That they have, in effect, handed over the issue of the environment to the liberals is, I am convinced, one of the great failures of the conservative movement. □

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William R. Havender

Sense and Nonsense about the Jensenist Heresy

"To rest the case for equal treatment of national or racial minorities on the assertion that they do not differ from other men is implicitly to admit that factual inequality would justify unequal treatment; and the proof that some differences do, in fact, exist would not be long in forthcoming. It is of the essence of the demand for equality before the law that people should be treated alike in spite of the fact that they are different."

—F.A. Hayek,
The Constitution of Liberty

Of all the social issues that have enkindled public debate in recent years, few have generated so much heat and so little light as the controversy surrounding Arthur Jensen's theories on race, IQ, and heredity. Both the lay public and the academic world have been engrossed in the controversy; yet probably no other issue in the national discussion has been more thoroughly obscured by dense clouds of ignorance and misrepresentation. One widely heard opinion, for example, is that Jensen's conclusions, if right, would justify the reinstitution of racial segregation. But the fact is that Jensen's research, correctly understood, refutes rather than sustains racism. Another erroneous belief is that he advocates an end to compensatory education and other attempts to impart knowledge to low-IQ children on the ground that their intelligence is "fixed" by their genes, so that these efforts must inevitably be futile. This is false, for Jensen advances innovative suggestions aimed specifically at increasing the effectiveness of education for these very children. In fact, the improvement of teaching for just those pupils now benefiting little from their education is the explicit purpose of his work.

These statements may seem startling to those who have followed the controversy only in the popular press, and I shall commence their justification by first reviewing Jensen's technical arguments. His well-known contention that IQ is highly heritable *within* social groups is based on a review of IQ correlations obtained for whites of varying degrees of kinship, ranging from identical twins to completely unrelated persons. The result of a large number of such studies carried out over the last few decades by many investigators in several countries, covering a wide range of social class and other kinds of environmental conditions, is that, on the average, no more than 20 to 30% of the variance in IQ can be attributed to non-genetic factors. A few technical objections to these studies have recently been raised (1), which make it desirable for these kinds of inquiries to be replicated by other researchers, including, of course, those who would dispute this conclusion; this, not crucifixion, is obviously the proper scientific response. But even if new trials should sustain Jensen's estimate of about 80% heritability for IQ, this still would *not* mean that IQ is necessarily fixed, nor that IQ differences are forever immutable.

Most readers are probably less familiar with this critical point than with relativity, so a brief excursus on the geneticist's concept of heritability is in order. The heritability, or h^2, of a trait refers to the relative proportion of the total variation in that trait that, for a given population in a given environmental range, can be attributed to genetic (as opposed to environmental) variation. It is *not* a universal constant, since it depends on how much genetic variation, and how much environmental variation, there happens to be in the situation of interest, and either or both of these components could be different in different circumstances.

How is it measured? By determining the extent to which persons of known genetic kinship resemble each other with regard to the trait in question. Heritability can be inferred from many types of kinship relations but the independent contributions of genetic and environmental influences are most clearly manifested in the case of identical twins (who by definition have zero genetic variation) that have been separated at birth. For this reason "separated-twin" studies are the method of choice (although such twin pairs are not easy to find).

One reason for determining the heritability of a trait is that it provides a clue as to what kinds of milieu factors may influence the trait in question. If we found h^2 to be low, for instance, then we would search within the existing range of environmental situations for the factor(s) causing the trait differences. But if h^2 turned out to be high, that is, if differences in the trait could not be attributed to the main *existing* sources of environmental variation, then we would have to direct our search for influential factors to *new* types of environmental variation not already commonly present in the tested milieu. A particularly important implication of finding a high h^2 in a given surrounding is that making the best existing environmental variation available to every member of the population could not result in a large reduction in the trait differences between individuals; only by introducing new kinds, or amounts, of milieu changes may it perhaps be possible to achieve this.

An example from medicine will illuminate these points. Phenylketonuria, a disease which causes progressive mental retardation, results from a genetic defect that prevents the metabolism of phenylalanine, an amino acid occurring normally in food. When afflicted persons eat normal diets, the amino acid builds up in their blood to toxic levels, but doctors discovered that the harm could be greatly reduced by supplying a special diet not containing this substance. Now an estimate of the "heritability"* of phenylketonuria (obtained, let us say, by correlating separated identical twins) would be high if it were made before the disease's causation and treatment were known, because everyone would have been eating a similar diet with respect to this amino acid, and the seriousness of the disease would thus depend only upon gene differences. If instead the estimate were made when the dietary treatment was new and just gradually becoming available, such that for some separated twin pairs only one twin received the proper care, then it would be much lower, because the severity of the illness now would additionally depend on the new environmental variable of whether or not the special diet was in use; not all twins would correlate with each other in their manifestation of the disease. If finally heritability were estimated after every afflicted person had been receiving proper treatment, then the estimate would again be high (twins would once more correlate), since the new diet would be available to all those needing it, but the absolute size of the

When Jensen estimates that IQ is 80% heritable, he does* not *mean that IQ is necessarily fixed, but only that* existing *environmental variations cannot account for differences in IQ.

*The term heritability is usually applied to continuously varying polygenic traits such as height or intelligence rather than to discontinuous single-gene defects such as phenylketonuria. But an adaptation to the single gene case can be made for the restricted purposes of this illustration by viewing it as the limiting condition of a polygenic situation, as one goes to systems with fewer and fewer operative genes.

differences between normal and defective persons would be strongly reduced.

The take-home lessons from this simple case are: that the "heritability" of the trait varied with the milieu in which it was measured even though the same genes were always present; that a high initial estimate did not prevent the absolute size of the phenotypic differences between normal and afflicted persons from being strongly reduced by the appropriate environmental modifications; that this diminution in inequality was accomplished only by first recognizing genetic diversity in response to a common situation as the root cause, then providing *different* environments for normal and afflicted persons; and that the key environmental factor was not one which varied significantly in the original situation where the "heritability" had at first been found to be high.

Returning now to IQ, it should be clear that a high h^2 among contemporary American whites implies only that IQ differences among them are not mainly a consequence of prevailing situational differences (including those of income or cultural milieu) and hence that merely reallocating persons within the present environmental range (say, by giving everyone "middle-class" cultural surroundings) will not result in much reduction of differences in IQ. Such a finding, you remember, does not necessarily mean that IQ could not be improved by *some* environmental change; merely that one must look elsewhere than among already existing, common situational variations for factors that could beneficially affect this trait.

It is not difficult to see the connection between this finding and educational policy. Recall that a wide variety of educational reforms now in effect have been designed in accordance with the "environmentalist" interpretation of IQ differences. This belief has been, to state it in its simplest form, that children are basically similar in their mental abilities, and that their apparent differences in intelligence have been brought about primarily by inequalities in their upbringing. The consequent policy implication, therefore, has been that reducing existing situational variations, particularly those resulting from discrimination, class disparity, and other inequalities in educational and cultural opportunity, should strongly reduce differences in intellectual ability and school achievement. This notion clearly underlies compulsory integration and the attempts to make a "middle-class" cultural milieu equally available to everyone through Sesame Street, Head Start, Follow Through, and the like. A noble notion, and an intriguing one, yet, according to Jensen (and Jencks as well [2]), no reform of this type yet devised (and *many* have been tried), has, when applied on a large scale, revealed a significant, lasting effect upon subsequent IQ or school achievement compared with the achievement of control groups. These numerous trials, then, offer no evidence justifying a conclusion

Jensen's purpose is by no means to abandon low-IQ children as a lost cause; rather, it is to direct research toward new kinds of schooling which will suit them better.

that reducing situational variation by making one "normal" milieu accessible to everybody will substantially reduce IQ differences. Note, however, that this is just the result that was to be expected from the heritability studies, which had separately shown that IQ was not strongly affected by common differences in the environmental surroundings. This unanticipated concinnity of two very different experimental avenues gives this conclusion great force.

Now, what sorts of educational changes does this result argue for? Simply abandoning hard-to-teach children as a lost cause, i.e., therapeutic nihilism? Not at all. There are two key research implications. First, new or now-rare kinds of environmental situations should be tested for their possible influence on intellectual growth. Rick Heber's famous experiment, where the children of retarded mothers from Milwaukee's worst slum were placed in an artificially constructed environment that supplied the most mentally stimulating conditions these experimenters were able to provide, is an important move in this direction, and it may be significant that preliminary scuttlebutt indicates there have been impressive gains in IQ. A successful outcome to this program would, of course, be thoroughly consistent with Jensen's genetic arguments, not a refutation of them as some commentators have thought (3). This is because it entails a milieu that has never existed before, whilst Jensen's (and also Jencks' [4]) position is that no environment *now* in existence and which affects a significant portion of the population, will, when made available to all, cause much reduction in IQ differences. One virtue of Jensen's work, then, is precisely that it points research efforts at IQ enhancement into fresh directions such as Heber's.

The second suggested avenue of research focuses not on changing IQ but on making better use of the IQ that already exists, for example, by looking for teaching methods which do not require the preexistence of high IQ on the part of students. In this regard, it might be useful to vary the rate at which information is presented, the number and size of conceptual steps into which it is broken down, and the number of times it is repeated. In addition, more attention might well be paid to individual variations in the schedule of mental development. Since these variations can be quite large (on the order of several years), children might better be grouped for instructional purposes on the basis of mental, rather than chronological, age, so that each could be taught more nearly in terms of his own schedule of development. Research into methods of imparting to low-IQ pupils the same basic skills which presently are taught mainly by techniques that are efficient only with high-IQ students has generally been neglected because of the prevailing bias towards infinite mental plasticity, but may now, as a consequence of the discussion stimulated by Jensen, receive more serious attention. Used in conjunction with such methods, IQ tests would find their main use as a diagnostic tool to indicate *which kind* of learning situation would suit a student best. In this way research endeavors would be concentrated on lowering the *correlation* between IQ and learning success, which may well be more responsive to environmental handling that changing IQ itself. To quote Jensen: "...there is potentially much more we can do to improve *school performance* through environmental means than we can do to change intelligence *per se*" (5, emphasis added).

Probably the most important policy consequence of the recognition of genetically caused differences in mental ability lies in the realization that any plan that actually succeeds in "equalizing" the educational milieu would virtually assure an *un*equal outcome; it would actually be hard to devise a better way to generate an *elite* than by requiring every child to learn in uniform conditions where only the pupils who are especially well suited to them to begin with are likely to learn at all. As Jensen shows, this is not a bad description of the present situation: "The instructional methods of the traditional classroom were... evolved within an upper-class segment of the European population, and thus were naturally shaped by the capacities, culture, and needs of those children whom the schools were primarily intended to serve. At least implicit in the system as it originally developed was the expectation that not all children would succeed. These methods of schooling have remained essentially unchanged for many generations" (6); they "...put great emphasis on cognitive learning rather than associative learning...", "...and an educational system that puts inordinate emphasis on only one mode or style of learning will obtain meager results from the children who do not fit this pattern" (7). And other geneticists agree with Jensen, e.g. Dobzhansky: "...when everybody is put through the same educational machine, the abilities of many people will be grievously misjudged" (8). →

Instead of uniformity, then, the goal of educational policy should be to provide, in close analogy to the phenylketonuria example, diversified paths geared to the individual strengths of each child. Thus Dobzhansky recommends: "Ideally, every child should receive the environment most conducive to the development of his own particular abilities" (9). Jencks advises the same: "Indeed, we can even say that diversity should be an explicit objective of schools and school systems. No single home-away-from-home can be ideal for all children. A school system that provides only one variety of schooling, no matter how good, must almost invariably seem unsatisfactory to many parents and children. The ideal system is one that provides as many varieties of schooling as its children and parents want and finds ways of matching children to schools that suit them" (10). And Jensen concurs completely: "If diversity of mental abilities, as of most other human characteristics, is a basic fact of nature, as the evidence indicates, and if the ideal of universal education is to be successfully pursued, it seems a reasonable conclusion that schools and society must provide a range and diversity of educational methods, programs and goals, and of occupational opportunities, just as wide as the range of human abilities" (11). The goal of equality in public education thus would be interpreted to mean equal opportunity of *choice* among alternative paths. This might be assured by a plan based on voluntary self-selection, as advocated both by Milton Friedman in his voucher plan (12), and by Jencks (13).

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Jensen's second major argument concerns the cause of the IQ differences between members of different social groups. He has been severely reproached (14, 15) for, as his critics see it, improperly using heritability data collected exclusively from whites to suggest that black/white differences are mostly genetic in origin. They argue, correctly, that the circumstances faced by some minorities are sufficiently different from those of whites that environmental factors can never decisively be ruled out as the true cause of these differences; therefore, estimates of IQ heritability obtained for one group cannot prove that the differences *between* groups are genetically determined. Or in other words, an estimate of heritability obtained for the environmental range faced by whites cannot be assumed to account also for the differences that arise in the putatively much greater environmental range that is experienced by members of different races. This is surely a cogent point, but Jensen does not disagree: he says explicitly that "heritability coefficients obtained within populations, no matter how high, cannot prove the existence of a genetic difference between populations" (16), and again, that "It is axiomatic in quantitative genetics that *within* group heritability cannot prove *between* group heritability" (17, emphasis in original). The kind of decisive genetic study that would in principle resolve this question—correlating the IQ's of genetically identical individuals across the environments corresponding to whites and blacks—cannot for obvious reasons be carried out. Nor, to the extent that skin color itself *causes* a difference in environment (by evoking or alternatively inhibiting discriminatory actions) is it possible to construct even hypothetically an environment that could confidently be presumed to be "identical" for blacks and whites. From purely genetic evidence, then, empirical conclusiveness is precluded by the nature of the problem, and this conclusion must remain tentative.

So long as the term is used precisely, i.e. to mean judging persons by their group identities rather than by their unique talents, it is impossible to convict Jensen of racism.

Why, then, does Jensen, this notwithstanding, still advance seriously the argument that differences in the environments experienced by blacks and whites cannot account for the IQ differences between white and black individuals? For the reason that an entirely independent line of evidence also points to this conclusion. This is, that the educational policies predicated on the opposite premise—that *inter*-race differences in IQ *were* largely artifacts of environmental inequality—and which hence took aim at equalizing the educational milieu of whites and blacks have had precious little success; in fact, no more than such equienvironmentalist policies have had in reducing *intra*-race IQ differences among whites. It seems to make no difference, in other words, how individuals may be distributed among racial and/or ethnic groups as far as attempts at narrowing IQ differences via milieu equalization is concerned. And thus the explanation already advanced to account for just this type of refractoriness among whites, which, you remember, *was* strongly supported by applicable genetic evidence—namely, that the existing range of environmental situations does not critically determine these IQ differences—probably is true for everyone, not only whites.

Even this argument is not totally convincing; for it is perfectly possible that all efforts so far to achieve environmental equality have simply not succeeded in specifying and eliminating the baleful environmental factor(s) postulated to act selectively on certain minorities and thus to generate group differences in average IQ. Nothing that I know of conclusively rules out this formal possibility. But *many* attempts to identify such factors have already been made by sympathetic and idealistic people without success, so that we can safely say that these hypothesized factors are *not* among those commonly associated with gross differences in socioeconomic status or school facilities (18). We can say furthermore that if this interpretation ever is to yield insights useful for improving educational policy it will finally have to be advanced in a sufficiently specific form that it *could* be rendered false by some feasible test. Otherwise, it must be judged, by Popper's "falsifiability" criterion, to be without empirical content (19, 20).

If we do accept, on the other hand, that existing environmental variations are not the prime generators of IQ differences among individuals regardless of ethnic identity, then the prescription for future research, exactly the same for minority group members as for whites, is, as before, to seek to identify new types of environmental interventions that could improve IQ, and also to develop new techniques in teaching that make better use of that student IQ that already exists. And the prescription for policy is also the same, namely, that a diversity of learning situations geared to individual needs based on a *common* set of judgmental standards for whites and minorities will probably turn out to be the best way to reduce achievement differentials.

These, then, are the *right* kinds of educational implications that logically proceed from Jensen's inquiry into the genetic control of IQ. What can we now say about the allegation of racism that is so frequently hurled at his work? First, Jensen's constant methodological focus on determining the mental qualities of *individuals* and his advocacy of forming educational policy around the distinctive configuration of abilities of separate persons are the very antithesis of a racist approach, and are in perfect accord with liberal principles. There is, after all, a fundamental distinction between taking the multiformity of individuals as the basis for educational policy—methodological individualism—and treating people in terms of their group identities, regardless of their individual characteristics (which methodological collectivism is the *sine qua non* of racism). Why this essential yet transparently simple distinction, the very core of the difference between liberal and racist policies, seems to elude, in a curious sort of purblindness, the analytical capacities of Jensen's angrier critics, shall have to remain a matter for discussion elsewhere.

And second, a glance at Jensen's IQ distributions clearly shows that racial groups overlap greatly in intelligence; sharp racial boundaries in mental ability

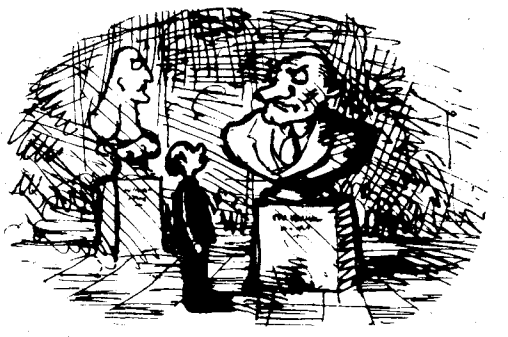
manifestly do not exist. This fact instantly renders it impossible to justify racial segregation by reference to fundamental mental "differences" between the races. These IQ distributions thus reinforce in a graphic manner the familiar liberal principle that classification and treatment of persons on the ground of race (or, by extension, of any *group* character at all) must necessarily result in severe inequity at the level of individuals; it is only by treating persons in terms of their own distinct abilities and achievements that a just social order can be fashioned.

This would be too platitudinous to be worth saying were it not for the common observation that when individuals *are* ranked according to objective criteria, substantial differences in the representation of various ethnic and racial groups at different levels sometimes result. Now there are those who conclude solely from this fact that the judgmental criteria used *must* therefore be biased; but it is worth a moment's reflection to ask if this is really a valid—and reliable—inference. Evidently it is not, for a multitude of factors are implicated in the phenomenon of group disparity aside from both discrimination *and* genetics, e.g., variations in the selective effects of emigration and immigration, and differences between groups in the relative recency of group entry and acculturation. And too, any group average characteristic represents an accumulation of influences over *past* history, and hence tells us nothing about whether or not discrimination is ongoing and currently needful of political remedy. A fuller discussion of these matters will appear elsewhere, but these suggestions are sufficient to make the point here that it is risky indeed to argue that all groups "ought" *a priori* to be equal in all ways and at all levels and that we "should" treat individuals in whatever way will bring about this presumedly felicitous result. The argument properly runs just the other way around: "group justice" *follows* from treating the component persons fairly, and thus the group average "ought" to fall wherever it happens to fall as the *dependent* result of individually fair treatment.

Let it be noted in closing that Jensen subscribes fully to the liberal moral position: "...we can and must insist upon considering only persons' individual characteristics rather than their group membership as a basis for educational treatment and in social relations in general" (21), and "All persons should be treated as individuals in terms of their own merits... But the result of individual selection... makes it inevitable that there will be unequal representation of the parent populations in any subgroup that might be selected whenever there are average differences between populations" (22). In view of these express statements, and considering that Jensen's argumentation as here summarized is completely consistent with them, it is impossible to sustain the charge of racism against him, not as long as this term is used with accuracy and precision, namely, to mean judging persons in terms of their group identity instead of their own unique talents. Clearly, therefore, the widespread apprehension that the "jensenist heresy," if scientifically confirmed, would force us to soften our opposition to racist public policies is simply unwarranted. What it rather brings into question is a matter of far more mundane and detumescent character (though, to be sure, an item of pietistic, if unexamined, faith for many), namely, whether the common observation of differences among groups is indeed a reliable indicator of the operation of bias at the level of individuals. □

(*for footnotes, see page 39*)

Eminentoes



by Philip Terzian

Fred Harris and the Crossroads of Destiny

I have never been able to decide whether political crusades are based on the force of an idea, or whether they come to pass because the troops and machinery are massed, ready to move, waiting for an initial shove. It is believed, for example, that Dr. Townsend concocted his $30-every-other-Thursday scheme when he came across an elderly woman rummaging through a garbage can. Once the moral imperative is clear, it would seem, everything else falls neatly into place. The impetus may not be anything nearly so worthy as starvation; it can be, and has been for that matter, the single tax, lesbian liberation, a square deal for the working man, a square deal for the businessman, hot school lunches, rent control, moral rearmament, etc.—indeed, all the great issues and national controversies that have stirred and engaged some of the liveliest intellects and public philosophers of our time.

So it is, I think, with that vague and indefinable moment when a man decides that the crossroads of destiny is, in fact, under his feet, and he must in spite of all privations, poverty, a happy home, and a middling reputation, become President of the United States. There are less exalted callings, to be sure, but it appears that the Presidency has come to embody all that we as a nation see in and hope for ourselves. Very imperial, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. might say.

Of course, I believe also that Gresham's Law, a much-overused dictum, rather like Lord Acton's, explains a certain part of the course of Presidential history. Indeed, after the rise and maturity of our national institutions, after 200 years of self-government, how could we have arrived face-to-face with the present collection of White House aspirants? Surely a more motley, ill-educated, solemn, and intense crew of Claghorns and Throttlebottoms could not be found in all of Christendom. This fall we are faced with the appalling prospect of electing one of them Chief Executive of the land, of rewarding, in bald terms, his own vain, sanctimonious plans. The scene, in all its horror, is already beginning to take shape: a massive hotel ballroom, festooned with banners and slogans, a sea of delirious adolescents, deafening rock band, so-and-so of NBC News ("and now the President-elect is making his way slowly to the podium"), the great man with his double-knit suit firmly buttoned in the middle, surrounded by lackeys and future sub-Cabinet officers, Mrs. X beaming and waving, "My fellow Americans, tonight we rededicate ourselves..."

What can it mean but that we have come so far and fallen so low? It is for that reason, then, that I am persuaded Fred Harris, one-term Senator from Oklahoma, two-time candidate for the Presidency, is, far from being the maverick of the pack, in fact the logical consequence of our political tendencies and standards, the deadly precursor of things to come. I don't think I am particularly bold in saying he will not win this year, or ever win

at all, but he is cast in such an inexorable mold that as long as the center is collapsing, it is today's nascent Fred Harrises who will fill the breach. Fred may be playing the fool in 1976, but he will assuredly be the prophet with honor, if not the recipient of Doctorates of Law, in 1996.

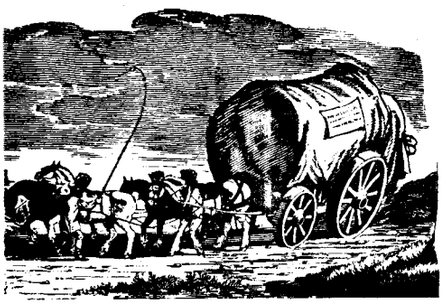
What, then, can we look forward to? A friend of mine, in a much better position to observe and judge Harris than I, suggests that his whole career has been motivated by ambition. There is nothing surprising in that—in a democratic system some semblance of ambition is necessary to get ahead. Fred is no exception. It is the character of his ambition that is so deplorable.

Casting aspersions on customs and dignity, deriding learning, poking fun at supposed pomposities is nothing new in the American political tradition, as the late Richard Hofstadter so admirably pointed out. It is not usual, however, that the intellectual community should debase itself so abjectly before the tenets of yahooism, as it began to do in the 1960s. One of the more obvious signs of a ruling class on the run is its anxious identity with the elements most strongly opposed to it, witness the professors who could, and I imagine can, always be relied upon to make cause with their students most anxious to destroy the university. This contrary, almost suicidal characteristic in rarefied circles was bound to have wider repercussions, and then political repercussions, and indeed it has. Fred Harris is only sticking his wet finger in the wind. What is ironic is that, by so doing, he should also be poking it in the face of his own party. He is certainly running against the past five Democratic Administrations, not to mention the greater part of his own career.

Harris was born in Dust Bowl Oklahoma and worked his way through its state university and law school. After a suitably hard-scrabble and Rotarian apprenticeship he found himself in 1965, at the age of 34, in the United States Senate. For most of his single term he compiled what might be charitably called a "mixed" record. Supported by the Oklahoma oil industry, he always voted in their interest, stopping along the way to compile a notably anti-labor roll call, and even voted against what must surely have been the essential Great Society measure, Medicare. He even voted with most of the Deep Southerners on various civil rights issues. This is a series of apostasies largely overlooked by his admirers. Needless to say, they are scarcely so indulgent in other cases.

What next happened to Fred is the stuff of political lore. Because of his youth and, perhaps, because he withstood the Republican resurgence in 1966 (he was elected to an unexpired term) he began to be mentioned as a future prospect. This always takes the form of certain signs and code phrases, "Vice Presidential timber," a pleasant word from party elders, admiring articles in news magazines, in those days an invitation to one of Robert Kennedy's marathon dinners at Hickory Hill—perhaps even Ethel shoving one into the pool. At any rate, Fred took them seriously, and in 1968 he abandoned his new and ostensible friends and served as co-chairman of Hubert Humphrey's delegate-hunting campaign. He was rewarded after the election with the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, a figurehead and at that time thankless position, but a matchless opportunity for self-aggrandizement.

Into that he threw himself with abandon. Surely, he reasoned, this was an occasion when, in Richard Nixon's phrase, the man and the moment came together. The Democratic Party, prostrate and broke, was sufficiently supine that Fred could cast a measurable shadow over its affairs, and it cannot be denied that he



tried. Surrounding himself with a regiment of former Humphrey advisors, he created committees, councils, commissions, churned out press releases, hosted dinners, threw into gear all the insufferable machinery of modern self-promotion.

It is glorious to see what delusions of grandeur can do to otherwise mediocre minds. It never seems to matter how hopeless or foolish the prospect of success may be; the prospect glimmers like a rainbow in the distance, and with a ladder built of cash, staff, and the willing suspension of disbelief, the rainbow can be mounted. Of course, I say this as one who has been privy to sober conversations on the Presidential prospects of the likes of Julian Bond, and it is easy to become cynical about the extent to which political activity can be based on thin air. In our own time I ascribe this baleful influence to Eugene McCarthy, a man I otherwise admire, and his astonishing victories in 1968. He proved that if the conditions are right the near-impossible can be achieved, or at least approximated; he was the unwitting inspiration for the respectable notion that anyone, regardless of whatever, can and should run for President. Campaigns, under these circumstances, have come and gone. One soon learns the signs at a glance: styrofoam coffee cups, ties askew, mimeograph machine merrily clacking, hushed invocations of "the Senator" or "the Governor" or whomever. It is a gathering cyclone in which, I fear, we are presently caught in the middle.

For Fred Harris, the call to greatness came at a time when he was in a unique position to act on it, and when his party needed a cachet upon which to hang its ideological hat. I, happily, was a witness to the event. An eager young intern was dispatched from the Chairman's conference room to look up the word "populism" in the dictionary, and a few days later a program for the future was presented to the public—"The New Populism," a phrase now so well-worn and devoid of meaning it is instructive to recall its humble origins. Of such incidents, apparently, are great notions born. If the intern had not known his alphabet Fred Harris might today be propounding something quite different.

Alas, it didn't take. Between extramarital copulating and nationwide speechmaking Fred was unable to stir the public's imagination. In the end, angry creditors proved more compelling than the American People and by December 1969 Fred was traded in for the subsequent choice of the more familiar and trustworthy Lawrence O'Brien.

His conduct, moreover, had raised not a few Democratic eyebrows. He did not seem to live a wholly blameless private life, and he was apt to do things like provide staff and office space for the activities of his wife LaDonna in behalf of American Indians. LaDonna, incidentally, is a curious sidelight to Fred's career. She was described years ago as part Comanche, but with time and the growing chic of Indianism her fraction has grown progressively larger to the point where I now nearly expect to see her emerge from her office (a half-block from mine) dressed in warpaint, with feathers in her hair.

For Fred, it was downhill ever after. He traded his Senate seat for financial support of his six-week 1972 Presidential campaign, huffing and puffing around the country, continually inflating the New Populism balloon. He even accepted the requisite illegal contribution from the Gulf Oil Corporation, an organization he now of course abominates—perhaps they didn't give him enough.

Ideas, however, are larger than men, and while Fred today seems nearly a caricature of a Presidential candidate, his bizarre ideas are treated with, if not respect, then at least straight-faced attention. It is very easy to speak with bland disapproval of "privilege" these days, and Fred has helped pave the way. He has made the tactical error of wearing a ten-gallon hat and telling an estimable portion of the electorate to go to Hell, but I have no doubt that he represents the incipient dogmatism and self-hatred of the modern American Left. He is fond of saying, for instance, that it is about time we got the Choate and Groton graduates out of the conduct of our foreign policy. This has become a reliable crowd-pleaser and is often quoted with approval by many Democrats. Of course, I cannot help but wonder what Franklin Roosevelt (Groton, Harvard) would think of it, or John Kennedy (Choate, Harvard), or Adlai Stevenson (Choate, Princeton). I haven't the gall to ask Averell Harriman (Groton, Yale) what he thinks, but am pleased to report in any case that none of the current cam-

paigners carry so polluted a record on their conscience. If the prep schools of Democratic patron saints are subject to the *Index expurgatorius*, the policies cannot be far behind. And, indeed, they are not.

It is a spectacle that is, ultimately, disheartening. Much attention has been paid in this bicentennial year to the unhappy contrast between the Founding Fathers and our present leaders, the present leaders not coming out so well. But it could not be any other way. The social and political system that advanced the Fathers to the fore cannot ever be duplicated, and it is a proscription largely written into law. What is worse, our system is such that we are practically assured of their absence. Something of quality, at long last, has gone out of statesmanship. Fred Harris is both the symptom and the disease.

Supposing, then, that our national future is inscribed in his pudgy features, what can we profit from it? For that I submit my own modest theory, placing Fred Harris at some juncture in the political tradition. He is the only candidate *of either party* who parts his hair in the middle. He is, in fact, the only candidate since Al Smith so to do. (Herbert Hoover came close, but Harris' line is unequivocally down the center.) We have not had a moustachioed candidate since Thomas E. Dewey, although Harris sported one a few years ago. When he did, incidentally, he parted his hair on the side: two aberrations, it would seem, exceed the limit.

This puts Harris in somewhat more respectable company than he might expect, or desire. Whether his unusual grooming is calculated or not, it gives his candidacy a historical, tradition-minded veneer it might not otherwise have had. Of course, for myself, this is the only basis upon which he can be judged. Whatever else we look for in politicians it is not often that we are forced to feed on such meager scraps as Fred Harris offers. What gives him vitality, alas, is something so incidental as his hairdo. To be sure, it sets him apart from the pack, and I like to think it is the only thing about him that has set the public's imagination on fire. As his camper makes its royal progress across the land, I trust political observers might agree. I doubt, however, if they will. When we find ourselves sagely discussing Fred on other terms—watch out, America! □

Harry Schwartz

The Infirmity of British Medicine

Editor's Note

Since—roughly speaking—the first quarter of the last century, a powerful sense of cultural inferiority has crept into American realms of influence. This sense of inferiority (combined with shared customs) allowed Europe, specifically England, a powerful influence over American life. The "progressive" ways of the English have been pointed to throughout this century by Americans intent on conducing America along the English path, and so successful have these "progressive" Americans been that today most of our government expenditures go toward the support of institutions very similar to the social democratic institutions of England. Alas, today England's social democratic institutions appear to be terminally ill and before ours fall into a similar condition, we at The Alternative *decided to publish a book on the "Crisis of Social Democracy in England" with especial concern for the lessons that decline holds for England's prodigal son. We shall be publishing this book with Doubleday later this year, and the essays within it are appearing in the* Public Interest, Encounter, *and other magazines as well as* The Alternative. *What follows is the third essay in this series.—RET*

There was a time not so long ago when would-be reformers of the American medical system enthusiastically pointed to Britain's National Health Service as an example to be emulated in this country. Britain had proved, we were told, that a socialized medical system could work, and work well. And the British people, we were informed, were so satisfied with the NHS that no British politician of any party would ever dare tamper with it.

A more realistic note has crept into American discussion of the subject in recent months, as graphic front-page headlines—"BRITAIN'S HEALTH SERVICE TO UNDERGO INVESTIGATION"; "BRITISH HOSPITALS HIT BY SLOWDOWN OF YOUNG DOCTORS"—have begun to dispel the illusions of idyllic British health care. But in Britain, amidst the shambles of their economy and their political system, many prominent observers now openly acknowledge that the chickens have come home to roost for their health service. Consider the disillusionment of Dr. David Owen, the Labour minister in day-to-day charge of the NHS, as expressed in a recent interview with the London *Sunday Times* (Oct. 12, 1975):

"The health service was launched on a fallacy. First we were going to finance everything, cure the nation and then spending would drop. That fallacy has been exposed. Then there was the period when everybody thought the public could have whatever they needed on the health service—it was just a question of governmental will. Now we recognize that no country, even if they are [sic] prepared to pay the taxes, can supply everything."

These were commendably honest admissions for the socialist head of a socialized medical system. In effect, Dr. Owen conceded that a generation's experience tended to confirm the fears conservative economists had expressed when the NHS was first being debated and fought over. In that same interview Dr. Owen also spoke of great inequalities in the health services available to the people of Britain, and of the existence of "quite severe areas of health deprivation" even in the otherwise favored London metropolitan region. He called Newham, a town near London, "an appallingly deprived area."

Or consider these recent criticisms by Bernard Dixon, editor of the British magazine, the *New Scientist*: "The plight of Britain's Health Service conflicts desperately with the avowedly utopian ideals of its founders. Yet the myth persists—the myth that the NHS not only can but does offer a high and unvarying level of medical care to all members of the community. For most of us, it is only when we join a year-long hospital waiting list, or have to take an injured child to a hospital casualty department on Sunday afternoon, that we realize just how threadbare and starved financially the service really is."

Mr. Dixon added: "Not only is there an acute shortage of resources, but the expertise and facilities that are available are all too often dispensed via a conveyor-belt system which can at times be positively inhuman" (*New Scientist*, Aug. 21, 1975).

* * *

For the background against which to judge these and other current expressions of dissatisfaction, we must go back to the origins of the National Health Service and trace, even if only briefly, its development over the past three decades. The NHS began in 1948, but its working plans were devised during World War II, when all Britons shared a common fate and a common danger. In the Beveridge Report of 1942 an "ideal plan" was proposed, "a health service providing full preventive and curative treatment of every kind to every citizen without exceptions, without remuneration limit and without an economic barrier at any point to delay recourse to it." As the *British Medical Journal* commented on Dec. 12, 1942, this was to be "a 100 per cent service for 100 per cent of the population." →

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, absorbed in his wartime task of rallying the British people to ever greater exertions and sacrifices, was doubtless glad to have a glittering prize to offer his people for the postwar period. He added to the rhetoric: "The discoveries of healing science must be the inheritance of all: that is clear. Disease must be attacked whether it occurs in the poorest or the richest man or woman, simply on the ground that it is the enemy: and it must be attacked in the same way that the fire brigade will give its full assistance to the humble cottage as it will give it to the most important mansion.... Our policy is to create a national health service, in order to secure that everybody in the country, irrespective of means, age, sex, or occupation, shall have equal opportunities to benefit from the best and most up-to-date medical and allied services available."

Given such verbiage from the leader of Britain's Conservative Party, there is no need to present the rosy vistas opened up by Labour politicians. Suffice it to recall that Aneurin Bevan, who piloted National Health Service legislation through Parliament and then supervised initial organization and operation of the NHS, referred in one parliamentary debate to his conviction "that we ought to take pride in the fact that despite our financial and economic anxieties, we are still able to do the most civilized thing in the world—put the welfare of the sick in front of every other consideration."

As the quotations from Dr. Owen and Mr. Dixon indicate, the rhetoric of the 1940s has long been discredited. Britain does not today "put the welfare of the sick in front of every other consideration," nor has Churchill's talk of "equal opportunities to benefit from the best and most up-to-date medical and allied services available" been realized. Of all the factors involved in these disappointments, cost has undoubtedly been one of the most important. Yet it is clear that the politicians who launched the National Health Service were little concerned about cost. In a revealing discussion, Bevan's biographer—the present Labour Party cabinet member Michael Foot—reports that the father of the NHS attached little importance to advance estimates of cost. Such estimates were bound to be guesswork, and Bevan said: "The true provision for a free health service must depend on the behavior of the public, and the only way to discover it must be to permit the public to behave! A year's practical working of the scheme would be needed to discover the cost with real accuracy."

More fundamentally, Bevan was the victim of a colossal misconception, implied by Dr. Owen's admission of the "fallacy" on which the NHS was launched: "We were going to finance everything, cure the nation and then spending would drop." Bevan believed that a large amount of sickness in Britain resulted from insufficient medical care. Under the NHS, he reasoned, the sick would get well as soon as they were properly treated. Then costs would drop. Once, when a British Medical Association leader asked him, "What, Mr. Bevan, is your long term prospect and hope for members of the profession?" his reply was: "A high incidence of unemployment."

In his 1952 political autobiography, *In Place of Fear*, Bevan stated his misconception clearly: "When the Service started and the demands for spectacles, dental attention and drugs rocketed upwards the pessimists said: 'We told you so...'

"Ordinary men and women were aware of what was happening. They knew from their own experience that a considerable proportion of the initial expenditure, especially on dentistry and spectacles, was the result of past neglect. When the first rush was over, the demand would even out."

Now we know that Bevan was wrong. The demand does not "even out." The patient who is cured today lives to get sick tomorrow, and the older he gets the more likely he is to become the victim of a serious, disabling ailment requiring long and expensive treatment. Nor did Bevan foresee the rapid progress of medical technology which provided new means of curing the sick and easing or eliminating disability, but often—as in the case of kidney transplants and open heart surgery—at very high cost. Most fundamentally he did not understand that if patients need not pay directly for medical care, they will resort to it for the trivial indisposition as well as for the serious illness, and there is no end to the demands of those an American physician has called "the worried well." As the Conservative politician Enoch Powell formulated it, in what has come to be known as Powell's Law, the demand for "free" medical care quickly outruns any possible provision for it.

Britain's leaders soon learned that the only way to cope with the overwhelming demand for "free" medical services was to impose a ceiling on total NHS expenditure.

It did not take long, in any case, for the ogre of cost to make its appearance. Already in the first months of the NHS operations Bevan had to make several public appeals against abuse of the service, for as Michael Foot has written, "...the demand was exceeding anything he had dreamt of." The costs of health care soon began to provoke serious political conflicts within the Labour Government, e.g., in February 1949 when it became known that 52 million pounds (an enormous sum of money then) would be required in excess of original budget estimates to meet NHS costs.

These conflicts came to a head in the spring of 1951, when Bevan resigned from the Labour Government after his cabinet colleagues decided to establish charges for eyeglasses and false teeth The argument was, as always, about priorities. The charges would save the government an estimated 23 million pounds, and Bevan's chief opponent, Hugh Gaitskell, reasoned that this money would be better spent on old age pensions than on free glasses and dentures It was becoming clear that the needs of the NHS were in direct competition with the defense budget, old age pensions, government investment in housing, and all the other multifarious demands on the limited resources of the British government. And Bevan's resignation signified that even his Labour colleagues were not prepared to give the NHS the overriding top priority he had told the nation it would get.

In fact, Britain's political leaders—both Labour and Conservative—soon learned that the only way to cope with the overwhelming demand for "free" medical services was to impose a ceiling on total NHS expenditure. Forgotten was the heady talk about everybody having all the latest medical aid he or she might need when he or she needed it. Instead there was the hardheaded realization that resources could not be used if they were not available. And if that meant shortages and people being forced to wait for months or even years, so be it. The British people, famous for their patience, for their willingness to queue up for buses or for whatever else they had to wait for, could queue up as well for nonemergency medical care.

What was worse, the political and economic pressures on the NHS led to budgetary decisions by both Labour and Conservative Governments which, over the long run, only aggravated the shortages and deficiencies of British medical care. There is a limit even to British patience, and the almost endless demand for "free" services quickly translated into political clamorings for more of them. As the British economists John and Sylvia Jewkes pointed out over twelve years ago in their excellent book *Value for Money in Medicine*: "What happened under these conditions was what was likely to happen. Governments followed the line of least resistance. They laid emphasis on those medical items which constituted pressing day-to-day demand, yielded their results quickly and with some certainty, made something of a public splash and conformed with the

The fact is that, by American standards, the NHS is a meager and spartan medical system many of whose economies would be regarded as inhuman brutality if applied to Americans.

doctrine of equality. Conversely they tended to neglect those items where spending would bring only slowly-maturing results, where economy would not be quickly noticed and therefore would be less likely to arouse public opposition...

"These were the conditions under which preventive medicine, new hospitals and medical schools, occupational health services and medical research were likely to give way to a free supply of drugs, of doctors' services and of hospital care. However anxious a Government might be to take a longer view, its resolve was likely to be weakened by the pressure of immediate demands; and by the hope that easier times were coming; that perhaps next year defense expenditures would be smaller, or investment needed for other purposes would be less, or the national income would rise sharply."

One of the reasons often cited for nationalizing British health care was the need to modernize and expand Britain's antiquated hospital system. But as it turned out, a bias against capital investment was built into the structure of the National Health Service, so that doctors continue to treat patients in nineteenth-century hospitals, and the number of hospital beds per capita has actually declined. (In 1949 there were some 43 million people in England and Wales, and an average of 397,600 occupied NHS hospital beds. In 1974, there were about 49 million people but only 420,942 available hospital beds.) The Jewkeses calculated that per capita hospital construction expenditures were *six times as great* in the United States between 1950 and 1959 as they were in England and Wales during the first 13 years of the NHS. And the problem, the Jewkeses observed, was not simply a capital shortage:

"The excuse usually given, that Britain was short of capital after the war is not convincing; the point is that other demands for public investment were rated high above that for the National Health Service. The reason seems to have been that successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, trying to keep down total expenditure on the Service by fixing a ceiling, threw the brunt of the saving upon those items where the consequences in the short period would be least noticeable and least likely to arouse protest."

This penny-pinching in capital investment has had many unfortunate consequences for the quality of health care, one being insufficient medical equipment. British general practitioners rarely have any medical instruments except for stethoscopes and blood pressure cuffs; they must send their patients to hospitals even for chest x-rays and simple blood tests. Hospitals are not much better. Few funds are available, for example, for kidney grafts or dialysis machines, and many patients requiring kidney treatment have nowhere to turn for help. And in all of Britain, according to the *British Medical Journal*, there are fewer than a dozen EMI brain scanners, remarkable machines which have revolutionized the diagnosis of brain disease and brain injuries, while there are over two hundred in the United States (and these are British machines).

The worst consequence, however, is the interminable waiting, caused by the shortages of hospital beds and doctors and surgeons. In December 1974, the NHS had a list of 517,000 people in England alone waiting for what was officially called noncritical surgery. Many of these people will have to wait years for care they want and need, and horror stories about the effects of such delays abound in the British medical literature. An open-heart operation is twice postponed for a Welsh woman, because there is no bed for her in the intensive care unit; she dies at home shortly thereafter. A 66-year-old man suffers a stroke but is denied admission to the nearest hospital because no one over 65 is supposed to be treated there. One hospital actually had 20 *unconscious* patients on its admissions waitlist, and "sent a trained health visitor round to assess the priority of these cases presumably to see who was the most unconscious" (*British Medical Journal*, June 21, 1975).

Judged by these lights, the British National Health Service is hardly a model for American medical care. In 1974, Britain spent about $7 billion on the NHS, while Americans, with somewhat less than four times Britain's population, spent well over $100 billion on health-care-related activities. This difference is so overwhelming that it reduces to insignificance the purely statistical cautions against such a comparison, for example the difference in definitions of health care in the two countries. And while American medicine is often extravagant and wasteful, extravagance certainly does not account for the approximately *fourfold* difference in per capita medical spending between the United States and Britain. The fact is that, by American standards, the NHS is a meager and spartan medical system many of whose economies would be regarded as inhuman brutality if applied to Americans.

The differences between British and American health care go beyond mere spending differences, however. There seems much good sense in the judgment expressed by Dr. Dermot B. O'Brien, an Irish physician from Dublin Medical School who has worked in both the United States and Britain, and who wrote in the *New England Journal of Medicine* (May 8, 1975): "...the British people—whether as a result of different life philosophy or generally lower level of affluence—have a much lower level of expectation from medical intervention in general. In fact they verge on the stoical as compared with the American patient, and, of course, this fact makes them, purely from a physician's point of view, the most pleasant patients. The resulting service has evolved over the years into a service that would in my opinion be all but totally unacceptable to any American not depending on welfare for medical services."

* * *

Let us turn now to a somewhat more detailed look at the National Health Service, which is really two medical systems, linked but for all practical purposes separate. One system consists of family doctors who practice solo or in small groups. A British family signs up with a local general practitioner, and then, theoretically, its members can see him as often as they want. The GP is obliged to pay house calls whenever they are sufficiently urgent, and to be available to his patients every hour of the day and night and every day of the year; if he goes away on vacation, he is responsible for finding (and paying) a locum to replace him. The patient pays nothing out of pocket for this access, and the GP is compensated by the government under a complicated formula whose main ingredient is a capitation payment, so much annually per patient on his list. The doctor who wants to maximize his income thus has an incentive to get the largest possible list of subscribers —some doctors have well over three thousand patients—and to do as little as possible for each in order to save time and be able to serve the largest number of people.

Man does not live by bread alone, however, and the British Government has had to accept and cope with the fact that many doctors want to live in the most pleasant parts of the country—for example, in London or its suburbs—even if that means accepting the economic penalty of a smaller income from a shorter list. The Government has sought to distribute GPs more evenly among patients by discouraging and even prohibiting young doctors from settling in "restricted areas" where authorities have decided there are enough or too many doctors. Similarly, the Government pays bonuses to doctors willing to settle in "designated areas" where there is judged to be a shortage of GPs. In the 28 years of the NHS, there has been some progress toward a more equal distribution of GPs throughout the country, but a recent study indicates that much more progress is needed (see

British Medical Journal, June 7, 1975).

Supporters of the NHS see the availability of a personal family doctor for most Britons as a great achievement. They argue that these physicians take care of most minor and self-limiting physical illnesses and that they provide at least part of the psychological support for those patients with emotional problems. Moreover, it is argued, since access to a doctor is available without charge, patients' serious ills can be caught early when they are more likely to be curable. There is some truth to these arguments and many Britons seem to be quite satisfied with this arrangement.

Critics, however, dismiss the general practitioners as quacks who quickly lose their original professional skills and become mere hand-holders and tranquilizer prescribers because they never see any serious illness. As mentioned earlier, most British GPs have only the most primitive equipment and facilities. But the worst aspect of the system is the doctors' huge burden of work, especially in "designated areas": the GPs have so many patients that they must practice a mechanical and minimal kind of medicine. They see each patient for a very few minutes, give him a rushed examination, and prescribe something which they hope will hold him until his problem vanishes. Patients often complain that where GPs require patients to have appointments, the secretaries are instructed to try to discourage the patient from coming in. The GP in turn complains that many patients plague him unnecessarily, and he feels it is bitterly unfair that he is always expected to be available to them.

In discussing British GPs, we are talking about roughly 26,000 doctors ministering to several tens of millions of patients, about a quality of medicine which varies from the excellent, personalized, compassionate, and technically superb to uncaring travesties of health care, sometimes delivered by a foreigner whose English is none too good and who dislikes his patients as much as they dislike him. In such a complex situation, excessive generalization is unwise. Suffice it to note that GPs have successfully retained their right to see private patients, who pay directly for consultations, unlike NHS patients. Whether through greater courtesy, longer and more careful examinations, a more sympathetic reception, or—most likely—some combination of these considerations, private patients are convinced they get better care when they pay their general practitioner. Certainly a British GP whose office I visited saw his thirty or so NHS patients very quickly, giving them each one to four minutes as timed on my watch. But he saw his single private patient for a full half-hour.

The second part of the NHS is the hospital service, which generally consists of a series of personal empires, of lordly consultants who are specialists in different fields and who have lower-ranked doctors—many of them in their thirties and even some in their forties—serving under them. It is interesting that the consultant and his underlings are known as a "firm" and that the consultant is supreme in his medical empire, secure in his job for life, and accountable to almost no one. When a patient becomes seriously ill and must enter a hospital, he normally loses contact with his GP and is transferred to the care of one of these consultants and his staff of junior doctors.

The consultant and his staff also give outpatient consultations for patients referred by GPs. The consultants and their subordinates are all government employees, but the consultants may also engage in private practice, a lucrative privilege many of them use and treasure. This is the result of a compromise reached between the consultants and Aneurin Bevan at the very birth of the NHS, a compromise reminiscent of that Stalin reached with Soviet collective farmers in the early 1930s. Stalin moderated the peasants' objections to collectivization by allowing them to have their own small garden plots on which they could keep some livestock and grow produce to sell at high prices in free markets. Similarly, British consultants are allowed to accept a 9/11 contract,

a legal fiction that gives them only nine-elevenths of a full-time consultant's salary while allowing them to see private patients and accept fees. But the legal responsibilities of both full-time and part-time consultants to their NHS patients are identical and total. In 1973, 49 percent of all consultants had part-time contracts and saw private (paying) patients. Eighty percent or more of all consultant ophthalmologists, general surgeons, otolaryngologists, orthopedic surgeons, and obstetricians and gynecologists see private patients. On the other hand less than twenty percent of all consultants in geriatrics, pathology, and mental retardation do so. Surgeons and anesthetists earn most of the private fees. In 1971-72 the average part-time consultant earned 8,354 pounds, of which 2,755 pounds came from private practice, while the average full-time consultant earned 7,077 pounds (see Rudolf Klein, in *New Society*, Oct. 23, 1975).

In addition to enjoying higher income, part-time consultants also gain income tax advantages because they can deduct the costs of earning the extra private fees. General practitioners—who are considered independent contractors, not government employees—also enjoy these tax advantages. Full-time consultants, who receive only salaries, do not. In Britain, where income taxes are very high, these tax advantages are even more appealing than in the United States.

Two more portions of this historic compromise must be mentioned. Bevan promised that a small number of beds would be reserved in NHS hospitals for private patients and that these would be under the control of the consultants. In 1974 there were 4,500 pay beds in England and Wales out of a total of about 420,000 beds. Moreover a system of distinction awards was set up as bonuses to be paid to consultants on the basis of merit, as judged by a committee whose deliberations are kept secret. In 1974 about one-third of all consultants received distinction awards worth from 1,500 pounds (more than half of all awards) to almost 8,000 pounds (to only 112 recipients). The result of this system of awards is that some consultants get very high incomes, for those who get the very highest awards are also likely to have the most lucrative private practices. Simultaneously, however, the majority of British consultants do not get any bonuses and many of them are convinced that they have been unfairly denied extra compensation. But from the government's point of view this has the useful result of keeping tensions and jealousies high among consultants.

The essential question is why every year tens of thousands of British citizens pay fees to consultants (as private patients) when those same consultants are theoretically available free of charge through the NHS. Some private patients pay out of their own pockets. Some come from the ranks of the more than two million British citizens who belong to private health insurance plans that pay fees for private consultations and also pay for the cost of NHS private beds in hospitals.

An eminent British surgeon who was then Regius Professor of Surgery at Oxford explained to me some years ago why so many persons resorted to private medicine even though "free" government medicine was available to them: "They value their health and their lives. Also they put a value on their convenience and they don't want to wait. When they come to me they know I'm the top expert and I'm giving them the benefit of my knowledge and experience. I spend time with them in consultation. When they're to be operated on, I do the operation and I take care of them after the surgery. I can arrange for them to be operated on quickly, maybe a few days or one or two weeks after the initial consultation. But on the National Health they have to take whatever junior person they get assigned; they don't know who's going to operate on them, and they realize the chances of getting me are slim. And they have to wait months or longer for the operation. So what they get when they pay is courtesy, time, my personal expert care, and the convenience of having the problem taken care of quickly.

Don't you think that's worth paying for?"

The availability of private, paid care for British patients since the beginning of the NHS shows that the alleged goal of equality was abandoned at the outset of the enterprise. Obviously patients would pay neither general practitioners nor consultants if they did not believe that they were getting better medical care than they would have received as nonpaying NHS patients. In 1974 and 1975 more militant elements of the Labour Party began agitating for the abolition of private practice. A resolution demanding this abolition was passed at the 1975 annual conference of the British trade union movement. In 1974 unionized maintenance workers, nurses, and other nonphysicians attempted to wipe out private practice in some hospitals. For varying periods of time, they announced, they would not serve patients in private beds, hoping literally to starve those patients out of the hospitals. Much was made of the private patients' "queue jumping," i.e. their ability to enter a hospital and to be operated on quickly and conveniently rather than waiting in line months or years. Under these pressures, the Labour Party platform in the last election campaign promised that if returned to power the Wilson Government would eliminate private beds from NHS hospitals. To the consultants, of course, this looked like unilateral renunciation of the historic compromise by which Bevan had bought the consultants' agreement to participate in the NHS in 1948. The consultants' discontent was further sharpened in mid-1975 when it became plain that the Wilson Government planned not only to eliminate private beds from NHS hospitals, but also to make it virtually impossible to build any significant number of private hospitals to replace the NHS private beds. All this helped provoke the consultants' slowdown in late 1975. The Wilson Government denied that it planned to eliminate all private practice, but many consultants suspected that this was precisely what Prime Minister Wilson, Mrs. Barbara Castle—the Minister for Health and Social Security—and Dr. Owen were planning. Those suspicions were heightened when a government memorandum was "leaked" to the medical press. The memorandum outlined a scheme for relocating all general practitioners into government-operated health centers and then prohibiting the GPs from seeing private patients in these centers. The Wilson government, of course, promptly denied it had any such intentions.

Most of the difficulties the NHS experienced in December 1975, however, came from the junior hospital doctors, the consultants' subordinates, rather than the consultants. These junior doctors had been promised overtime pay for work in excess of 40 hours a week. (Many of them worked over one hundred hours a week, and it was their willingness to do so that had made the NHS possible since 1948.) But when it came time to pay them, the junior doctors discovered that all that was contemplated was a redistribution among them of the same total funds, with money added to the salaries of some often simply deducted from the salaries of others who had little or no opportunity to work long hours. The junior doctors retaliated in many hospitals by closing down emergency rooms after 5:00 p.m., but in many such institutions consultants—despite their own grievances—went on duty to make some emergency medical service possible. Nevertheless it was clear that morale among physicians in the NHS was extremely low and newspaper accounts referred freely and often to the "breakdown" or the "collapse" of the NHS.

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Space limitations prevent us from considering other important aspects of the NHS. We have not, for example, even mentioned the very heavy dependence of NHS hospitals on Asian, African, and Caribbean doctors, many of them poorly trained. Just how poor their training is did not become fully evident—and a matter of public knowledge—until after mid-

1975. At that time, newly arrived doctors were first given qualifying tests in medical knowledge and in ability to communicate in English. Of the hundreds tested in the first six months these examinations were given, only about one-third passed. By inference, these results provided shocking information about the competence of foreign doctors who had been permitted for many years to work in hospitals without being tested. But in Britain the main question, as test after test produced calamitously high failure rates, was how long the NHS could continue to be even minimally staffed if two-thirds or more of arriving third-world doctors were found ineligible for hospital posts. By early December 1975, the *British Medical Journal* was already raising the question of when the standard of clinical knowledge required in the tests might have to be lowered to produce adequate numbers of foreign doctors for NHS hospitals (*British Medical Journal*, Dec. 6, 1975).

Nor have we raised the question of how first-rate medical care can be given to the people of England and Wales when there are so few specialists. Here, for example, are the numbers of consultants in some key specialties available to the almost fifty million people of England and Wales at the end of 1974. According to the 1974 report of the Department of Health and Social Welfare, there were 95 cardiology consultants, 181 dermatology consultants, 36 infectious disease consultants, 15 nuclear medicine consultants, 134 neurology consultants, 82 neurosurgery consultants, 77 plastic surgery consultants, 180 radiotherapy consultants, and 111 thoracic surgery consultants. These are ridiculously low figures and they show that the old promises that everyone would have access to the best possible medical care are not being kept.

But we are now in a position to pronounce some judgments on the National Health Service. Medical care in Britain is better in the mid-1970s than it was thirty years ago. In Britain as in all other countries the sick now have the important advantages gained from progress in medical science since the mid-1940s. And Britain is much richer now than it was in 1945 and 1948 so it has more doctors, both general practitioners and specialists, than it had when the NHS started. But the same progress has taken place in all Western countries, and British medical care would be much better today than in the 1940s even if the NHS had never been formed.

The real test of the National Health Service is twofold, at least if we are to measure it by the promises made originally. Has it achieved equality of medical care for all in Britain regardless of who they are or where they live? The answer here is obviously no, a negative reply which the present British Labour Government accepts as much as its opponents do. Second, has the NHS made available the best of modern medicine to the sick in Britain? Again the answer is mainly negative. Those who have access to treatment in the London teaching hospitals and in a rather small number of similar hospitals in other parts of the country probably do get good care, but the great majority of the NHS clients live in areas with inadequate numbers of hospital beds, grossly deficient numbers of medical and surgical specialists, and inadequate and outmoded medical equipment.

With the wisdom of hindsight we can see that the NHS is foundering on two rocks which could have been anticipated even in 1948. One rock is the conflict over "equality." In every society one of the most highly prized rewards for outstanding work, talent, position, and accomplishment is prompt access to superior medical care with all possible amenities. Mao Tse-tung gets far better medical care than a Hunan peasant, just as Leonid Brezhnev gets better care than a Ukrainian factory worker. There is no full equality in access to medical care anywhere, nor can there be so long as human societies must depend upon differential rewards to provide incentives. Nevertheless the utopian Labour Party dream of "equality" has already gravely injured the National Health Service and may yet cripple it even more. →

The second rock is the fact that the successes of past, present, and future medical research all tend to make medical care more expensive, and will probably continue to do so. The potential demand for care—including psychiatric care, the effort to develop the full potential of the severely retarded, and the effort to give geriatric patients the benefit of all possible help—can bankrupt any nation which attempts to provide it free of charge. Britain tried to circumvent this difficulty by keeping a tight lid on NHS expenditures, especially for fixed capital. But now even this is inadequate and the Wilson Government proclaims openly that it will have to adopt an even more stringent system of priorities. This must come down to the decision that some shall be helped at the cost of others being permitted to die before they need to. The conflicts on this issue have only begun, but there can be no doubt that they will be fierce indeed when the Draconian nature of the alternatives is fully realized. A rational solution would be to end the effort to realize a completely socialized and "free" medical service and to permit the introduction of a much larger private sector to help share the cost. Perhaps some future British Government will have the courage to turn to this solution. Until then, continued deterioration of morale among key NHS staff and worsening provision of physical facilities for treating the sick seem unavoidable. □

Robert F. Byrnes

Soviet-American Cultural Ties: Kto kogo?

Who benefits most from detente—the United States or the Soviet Union? American proponents suggest that the SALT and nuclear-arms negotiations, the arrangements on crisis management, and the Helsinki agreement are liberalizing the Soviet system, softening old hostilities, creating a new spirit and a new structure of peaceful relations. Critics assert that detente sanctifies the status quo in areas that Communists rule but gives them free rein elsewhere, as in Angola, that it gives the Soviets access to our superior science and technology but offers us few corresponding advantages. Cultural relations between these two powerful countries illustrate the issues and dilemmas both states face, and they may help to answer the critical question Lenin himself asked: *Kto kogo?* Who is overcoming whom?

The most visible manifestations of these cultural relations have been the exchanges of ballets, orchestras, and athletic teams, and, of course, the Apollo-Soyuz joint manned space laboratory. But the United States and the Soviet Union have also been engaging in cooperative research on environmental protection, medical care, agriculture, and transportation. And perhaps most significant, if least visible, the two countries have been continuously exchanging graduate students and scholars since 1958: these were the first exchange programs, and they have slowly increased in magnitude, so that by now somewhat more than a thousand scholars have studied in the other country for a semester or more.

It is important not to exaggerate the scope of these exchanges. Their total cost to America has been less that $50 million, a fraction of the annual budget of a major state university. No more than ten Americans have taught in the Soviet Union in the last two decades, and only about three thousand Westerners have studied there since 1958, whereas 150,000 foreigners studied in the United States in 1974-75 alone.* Nor should one exaggerate the role cultural relations play in relaxing tensions. Thousands of foreigners traveled to and lived in Germany, Germans traveled abroad freely, trade flourished, and publications moved without interruption even after the Nazis had begun their barbarities and were preparing to attack their neighbors. Nevertheless, cultural relations do have some ideological significance, and, as the Soviet rulers constantly remind their subjects, the "ideological struggle" remains vital. One must remember that no Americans studied in Soviet universities between 1936 and 1958, and that the Soviet decision to send some of their young elite to their major rival and to accept Americans in their dormitories touches a critical Soviet nerve and serves as a symbol of post-Stalin policies.

The American athletes, historians, agriculrural economists, and ballet dancers who perform, study, or do research in the Soviet Union benefit personally and professionally from their experience, just as Armand Hammer does from his business dealings there. But our national interest is also served by the increased knowledge and understanding of the Soviet Union which these individuals bring back with them. This is particularly true because the largest single group of Americans who have spent more than a few months in the Soviet Union consists of specialists in Russian studies, generally in history, literature, and government, in that order. By living and working in Moscow and Leningrad, they have been able to go beyond Soviet slogans and published literature, and their views of Soviet life and policy have become less abstract and doctrinaire, more humanistic and discriminating. Moreover, all of our scholars, even the most cloistered and politically naive scientists, have acquired substantial knowledge of the controls and iniquities which abound in the Soviet Union and of the difficulties our diplomats face in dealing with the Soviet government.

By the same token, cultural exchanges increase and improve the Soviet elite's knowledge of us, thus beginning to reduce some of the misapprehensions caused in part by Soviet propaganda, and in part by simple lack of information. In selecting their participants, the Soviet rulers have naturally emphasized the fields of research central to continued Soviet progress, and the scientists who have benefited from travel abroad, discussions and cooperation with foreign specialists, and increased access to professional literature, have been visibly influenced by their experiences. Scientists and other intellectuals in relatively influential positions are among those most critical of the Soviet system, particularly of the restraints it places upon travel and access to information. They therefore constitute a modest pressure for moderating and mellowing Soviet policies. They have also introduced revised information and attitudes directly into the research areas crucial to the Soviet government and into the higher reaches of the Soviet system. In this sense, Louis XIV's dictum that states touch only at the top remains true, and Western influence flows into the Soviet Union through the new elite.

However, we pay a price for these benefits. For those who go to the Soviet Union, the most annoying costs are the monumental inefficiencies of the Soviet system, which they cheerfully endure, and the indecencies and indignities to which many are subjected, and which

*It is equally important to keep East-West economic relations in perspective: in 1974 West Germany, the Soviet Union's most important Western trading partner, had more trade with tiny Luxembourg than with the Soviet Union, and its exports to Sweden equaled those to the entire Soviet bloc. Economic and military power, vitality and stability, and resolution and diplomatic skill are far more important in world politics than any mustard seed; and "the neglected aspect of foreign affairs," even when adroitly used, can only supplement.

they bitterly resent. During the past five years some cosmetic changes and basic improvements have occurred, but Americans are still restricted largely to Moscow, Leningrad, and a few other cities, while Soviets travel freely throughout the United States; access to archives and laboratories is frequently denied in the Soviet Union, while Soviets have the same access to our scholarly resources as any American; and the KGB still harasses some Americans and especially their Soviet associates, while the FBI has never bothered a legitimate Soviet participant. Glaring inequities abound: Columbia University has assisted dozens of Soviet scholars and artists, but Vitali Rubin, a Soviet specialist in classical Chinese philosophy, cannot get a visa so that he can begin his appointment at Columbia.

Most cultural leaders are especially concerned because the exchanges occur under an official intergovernmental agreement and because, almost inevitably, the role of our government has grown constantly. Our scholars, cultural leaders, and government were all reluctant in 1958 to accept the exchanges agreement because we sought free trade in men and ideas, not a primitive barter, or even reciprocal trade, in which scientists and athletes are counted as carefully as bales of cotton. Given its obsession with bureaucratic and centralized arrangements, however, the Soviet government would open its frontiers, and some of its cities, universities, laboratories, libraries, and archives, only if the United States accepted an intergovernmental exchanges agreement.

So far, Washington has exercised little control over the cultural relations process; quite the contrary, it has encouraged universities and private foundations to assume many administrative responsibilities. Foundation support is declining, however, even as the costs of cultural exchange rise, and the government looms as the main, almost the lone, financial supporter. Federal control over Soviet studies and other disciplines is therefore increasing, and, through its control of purse strings, Washington threatens to become a kind of St. Petersburg-on-the-Potomac. The joint research programs negotiated since 1971 promise benefits to both countries, but they can only enlarge this federal influence. Indeed, as President Kingman Brewster of Yale University recently noted, our scholars and universities will have to devote increasing energies to defending their independence from their own benevolent government.

The greatest cost we pay in accepting controlled cultural exchanges with the Soviet Union is in granting respectability and dignity, parity and legitimacy to a government that denies the freedoms essential to civilized life. Sending novelists to a country, or accepting chemists from one in which historians are imprisoned for seeking to be objective and in which scientists of independent mind are hounded from their positions, is a high price, one that may lead to further moral demobilization and intellectual corruption.

Those who support cultural exchanges argue that we have no choice, that the Soviet Union exists in an ever-smaller universe, that the United States itself is a flawed society, that this is and will remain an imperfect world, and that we must use the instruments available to advance learning and at the same time to press for increased freedoms.

The writings of men such as Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn illustrate with blinding clarity the dilemma that cultural relationships with the Soviet Union pose for us. They agree that the United States should negotiate with the Soviet Union in order to reduce the likelihood of war, but they condemn us for weakness and irresolution and for failing to use our influence to advance the rights of the Soviet and East European peoples. They urge that we not grant legitimacy, and above all that we not provide scientific and technological assistance, to a government denying its citizens rights to which they are entitled under their own constitution.

Soviet advantages and disadvantages from cultural exchanges are in many ways the obverse of ours. Soviet scholars, artists, and athletes of course have many of the same interests as ours. In particular, they welcome opportunities to go "out," to perform and compete in other countries, to share information and insights with fellow specialists, and to obtain recognition from the international community.

For Soviet leaders, the main advantages are clear. They appreciate the respectability and prestige the exchanges bring and the impressions their artists, dancers, and eminent scientists create. They use travel abroad as a patronage instrument, denying those of independent, critical, or unorthodox mind the opportunity and awarding a bonus to those who faithfully endorse every government action. They exercise some influence over American scholarship by denying admission to qualified scholars with prickly subjects. Many discouraged from studying twentieth-century history, the Soviet economy, or foreign policy thus turn to subjects more comfortable for the Soviet leaders, or even abandon Soviet studies. Some timid intellectuals refrain from pro-

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tests against Soviet treatment of dissidents and from participating in conferences in which subjects distasteful to the Soviet government might be discussed. Many now accept controls that used to chafe.

Above all, the Soviet Union uses cultural exchanges to narrow the considerable gap between Soviet and Western science and technology by obtaining access to the equipment, techniques, and discoveries of our campuses and laboratories, just as it uses trade to obtain industrial information and to inject Western technology into critical parts of the Soviet economy. In the sciences, for example, the Soviet Union has acquired enormous benefits, from the Salk vaccine and new methods of heart surgery to the most sophisticated methods of exploring for oil and precious metals. The Soviets have even learned from us the best techniques of organizing and directing scientific research.

The costs to the Soviet Union constitute many of our benefits. "Cooperating with capitalism" exposes the Soviet government to criticism from the People's Republic of China and from fervent old-line Communists everywhere. Occasional defectors are an embarrassment. The restrictions the Soviet government imposes create resentment among many visitors and a sense of shame among informed Soviet citizens, as the policies of Nicholas I and Alexander III did in the nineteenth century. However, the main price is the infectious spread of Western ideas from the contacts the exchanges allow. Travel, art forms, hybrid corn and Holsteins, the presence of Soviets in American dormitories and of Americans in Soviet dormitories, exhibits of kitchen equipment, cooperation in cancer research, study of computer technology, and the adoption of our business management techniques all affect the Soviet intellectual elite, as Pepsi-Cola, jazz, miniskirts, and jeans affect other levels of Soviet society. Any Soviet citizens who remember Khrushchev's boasts in the early 1960s about surpassing the United States in important fields of production must wonder what has happened. Even the most obtuse Soviet citizen must suspect from the flow of Western science and technology that the West retains its cultural leadership. Imagine the effect here if we were drinking *kvas* and seeking Soviet equipment to exploit our oil and gas resources!

The Muscovite rulers appreciate the hazard they endure to obtain political and scientific-technical advantages. The more they borrow by sending Soviet artists and intellectuals abroad, by accepting Western scholars in Soviet institutions, and by increasing trade with other countries, the more they open the new Soviet elite to ideas they consider dangerous. They have learned that the Soviet Union cannot be open technologically and closed culturally, and that any relaxation, even to obtain great benefits, simultaneously raises great perils. The Soviet position at the Conference on European Security and Cooperation in Geneva reflected this reinforced fear of "the free exchange of peoples and ideas." Soviet insistence that the Conference ensure "respect for the principles of sovereignty and nonintervention" and "strict observance of the laws, customs, and traditions of each other" represented a position already enshrined in the exchanges agreements and in the determined refusal to accept "ideological coexistence." The Soviet government therefore wishes to participate in cultural exchanges and to increase trade —but on the condition that it maintain censorship and other forms of control. It seeks "a fire that will not burn."

Eastern Europe is a part of the Soviet empire, but yet another world. The dilemma for the East European governments is even more acute than is that of the Soviet government, as is their need for access to Western science, technology, and intellectual sustenance. The West has long held a magnetic and contagious attraction for Eastern Europe, and this attraction, intensified by events since 1945, has been increased by the various exchanges, by greatly increased economic ties, and by the tantalizing opportunities to taste the adjacent forbidden fruits. These erode the economic, ideological, and political bases of the governments and weaken ties with Moscow in the same kind of "unbinding" that the Russian empire witnessed a century ago. They promote pragmatic and more traditional attitudes and tend to make the Communist leaders ever more nationalistic. They also bring closer together the peoples and their governments—the peoples eager to "rejoin Europe" and to enjoy the benefits of this century's advances, and the governments eager to acquire Western information to modernize their economies.

However, the East European governments cannot import knowledge from our universities, factories, and farms without importing the ideas and values at the heart of Western institutions, a continuing source of infection among a people already vulnerable. The erection of a Hilton Hotel on the hills of Buda, overshadowing adjacent St. Stephen's, and the establishment of an American Studies Program at the University of Warsaw symbolize the deterioration that has occurred.

Access to Eastern Europe is far easier than to the Soviet Union: one British observer noted that we approach the Soviet Union only across a moat and over a wall, while we reach Eastern Europe through a criss-cross of turnstiles—and Eastern Europe provides access to the Soviet Union. The Soviet rulers have long considered Eastern Europe a barrier against the West; it has instead become a carrier from the West, raising specters of 1956 and 1968 but under more subtle and dangerous circumstances.

Relations between the Soviet Union and the United States will remain tense, even if detente continues. We shall no doubt remain locked together in a shrinking world, suspicious of each other, unable on the one hand to conquer by force but equally unable to disengage and find some kind of armed security. We should promote cultural relations, and commercial relations as well, because freedom is our main strength and our best instrument. The Western world benefits from extraordinary intellectual and cultural vitality, in art and architecture, in music and literature, in philosophy (including Marxism), and in all the sciences, at a time when there is a silence in Russian culture. We should rejoice that the competition between the Soviet Union and the West has shifted to include a competition in ideas on a peaceful field, with intellectual weapons, one for which we are particularly well equipped and one from which all peoples, though not the Soviet system, will benefit.

We should grant the Soviets access to our high technology only as they begin to permit free movement and equal rights of penetration. The United States and its allies should continue to press for an agreement that incorporates clear acceptance of free movement throughout Europe. Jamming of radio broadcasts must end. Journalists must be guaranteed the right to function and report freely. We should not be satisfied with vague agreements about reuniting families but should insist upon the free flow of publications and the right of people to travel. In short, we should use the keen Soviet interest in obtaining our high technology in order to obtain the freedoms essential for the survival of a free Europe and a peaceful world.

The success with which the West has protected Soviet dissidents illustrates the Soviet dilemma and the significant way in which we can marshal our resources to advance human rights and international security. The presence of 240 foreign correspondents in Moscow and the skill with which Western news services retain contact with Soviet dissidents, have restricted Soviet action against them. Thus, the Soviet decision to expel Solzhenitsyn in February 1974, rather than to imprison him, reflects in part his courage and in part the pressure exerted by the information made available to the world, and then to the Soviet public, at a time when the Soviet government was desperate for Western scientific and technical aid.

Similarly, the warning the National Academy of Sciences issued in September 1973 served to safeguard Andrei Sakharov, to define the price of more open relationships with the West, and to demonstrate that we are determined that the Soviet Union modify its policies in order to obtain benefits. Sakharov was in serious danger until President Philip Handler of the National Academy informed the Soviet Academy that depriving Sakharov of his rights would end Soviet-American scientific cooperation. The Soviet government then chose to continue to tolerate Sakharov and his activities. On the other hand, the National Academy's silence last year when the Soviet government prevented Sakharov from going to receive the Nobel Prize proves, in reverse, the same point.

If we defend our principles shrewdly

and resolutely in this unending struggle, the Soviet government will twist in debate over a painful dilemma. It may one day be forced to choose between reducing sharply or even ending intellectual and economic relations, trying to combine more open relations with the West with ever tighter controls over its own peoples, and adopting a far more flexible and relaxed policy toward control over the Soviet population, one that would almost certainly undermine the system. Indeed, these relationships raise fundamental questions for any totalitarian government: can a society import a skill or a product from another culture without also introducing other alien elements which produced that skill or product and which carry destructive potential? Because of the scientific and technical revolutions, particularly in transportation and communications, can any state isolate itself from the rest of the world? Would such a policy of isolation, if it could be implemented, condemn that state to ever more critical scientific-technical and economic-military backwardness? Does Communism bear within itself the seeds of its own decay, ripened into flower by necessary contact with the outside world?

On the other hand, can our government retain the support of the American people, the confidence of our allies, the faith of those who seek freedom, and the respect of the Soviet leaders if it grants free access to Soviet scholars, scientists, and business leaders but does not insist upon equal rights of penetration? Can we allow our government to assume control over our cultural and economic relationships with another part of the world without undermining our own freedom? Can an open, flexible society maintain close relationships with a closed and secret society without being infected by totalitarian practices? Indeed, has this already happened?

Kto kogo? □

The Business of America

by Stephen A. Snow

Businessmen and Economic Education

Every time a pollster tallies public attitudes about business, executives are confronted with frightening evidence of their growing unpopularity. This tide of anti-business sentiment gives rise to laws and regulations that increasingly circumscribe the businessman's decision-making freedom. While many businessmen lament this trend, only a few take action to combat it. Most executives, like ostriches, bury their heads and do nothing. This lack of self-defense is surprising, given both what businessmen have to lose and what resources they have available to influence public opinion.

Business employs sixty million people, contributes at least one billion dollars each year to philanthropic organizations, and shares the rewards of its success with over thirty million stockholders. With these resources, business could promote economic education programs aimed at dispelling common misconceptions about the market system. Studies have shown such efforts can improve people's attitudes toward business. There are several types of educational programs which could be readily implemented by companies. These are: (1.) Offering economic education courses for employees and printing articles on economic issues in corporate publications. (2.) Utilizing quarterly and annual reports to provide stockholders with opinions on economic issues and policies that affect company operations. (3.) Making financial contributions to universities and tax-exempt foundations which foster pro-free-enterprise economic education.

The statistics indicate that business has largely failed to pursue these rather obvious courses of action. A recent survey of 733 top corporations by the Joint Council for Economic Education showed that only 5% of them have formal economics courses open to all employees. Less than four out of ten have ever used corporate publications for economic education. A review of the funding of two of the largest free-enterprise-oriented economic education foundations shows they operate on rather small budgets that range from a quarter of a million to three-quarters of a million dollars. Corporations in the Fortune 500 contribute less than three percent of these funds. Very few corporations use portions of quarterly or annual reports to help refute common and potentially harmful delusions about our economic system.

The failure of businessmen to defend economic freedom may be attributed to several factors. First, many executives fail to perceive that gradual economic paralysis will inevitably result from negative public opinion toward private enterprise and the piecemeal controls that naturally follow. In the foreword to his most famous book, *The Road to Serfdom*, Nobel laureate Friedrich Hayek said his purpose was to make Americans aware that economic intervention slowly nurtures a predisposition toward increased government regulation at the expense of freedom. This leads to economic stagnation and potential authoritarianism. Hayek's book was based on his observations of trends in Britain in 1944. His predictions about the dire economic effects of growing government interventionism appear to be frighteningly accurate given Britain's current economic straits. Unfortunately, most businessmen have never read the works of Hayek or any other free-market philosopher. Like most Americans, businessmen tend to be pragmatic rather than philosophical. Their single-minded concentration on immediate business concerns often blinds them to the social and political trends which will eventually erode their economic freedom.

Second, many executives believe they must identify themselves with whatever is popular at the moment, even if it is inimical to the health of our economic system. At the present time, economic freedom and its moral foundations are unpopular. Corporate managers seem to fear that espousing a free enterprise position on a public issue may adversely affect consumer sales or hurt relations with labor, stockholders, and the government. In fact, some business leaders take special pains to find fault with our system and even endorse those who advocate increased government regulation. For instance, in early 1974, the president of one of the nation's largest department store chains criticized business for not supporting economic regulations which are popular with the public. He went on to suggest that businessmen embrace reforms proposed by consumerists. Another example was provided by the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in 1973, when he said that Ralph Nader's proposals were calculated to help business. Here we have a central figure in American business praising the man who, among other things, had proposed federal chartering of major corporations with the government empowered to

control the hiring and firing of executives. Further evidence of the fear of supporting free enterprise is the fact that contributions from major corporations to the American Economic Foundation which totaled 65% of that organization's budget in 1960 now total only 1%. This is partially attributed to the Foundation's uncompromisingly pro-free-enterprise position in education programs in an era when many of those who control corporate contributions seem to prefer abasement of the system rather than defense of it.

A third reason for failure to advocate economic freedom is that many businesses rely upon the government to protect them from competition and, therefore, cannot endorse free enterprise without endangering their own livelihood. These companies secure their profits largely by utilizing political means such as government-granted monopolies and rate regulation rather than the economic means of competition. In doing so, they are embodiments of Albert Jay Nock's first law of human behavior, which is: "Man tends to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion." Executives in highly regulated industries such as public utilities, airlines, and trucking, and highly subsidized and protected industries such as aviation and shipping, tend to defend regulation whenever it is threatened by those who would displace it with competition. For instance, when the Federal Trade Commission attacked the fare regulations of the Civil Aeronautics Board because they tend to raise prices, the major airlines were quick to uphold these anticompetitive regulations. A rather common rationale for regulation was expressed by the chairman of America's largest utility when he said in a recent speech: "The times are too dangerous and the world too complex to entrust the future entirely to the random interplay of self-interest [i.e. the free market]." He went on to recommend that the government's role be to establish national goals and hold business strictly to account for performance in meeting the goals. This type of public position is clearly inimical to a strong defense of economic freedom.

Obviously, those of us in business who believe in the benefits of economic freedom and want to see the tide of government interventionism halted or reversed have a tough job ahead of us. We must first convince large numbers of potentially sympathetic colleagues that the growing public opposition to business is a very serious threat to our market economy. Second, we need to prove that this opposition is not irresistible and irreversible; that, in fact, people's attitudes can be positively influenced by economic education. Finally, we should publicize examples of business programs that communicate economic information to employees and stockholders and provide financial support to educational institutions and foundations which promote free-enterprise concepts. □

Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Cloacal Scribe

When is an underground magazine not an underground magazine? When I set out a few months ago to plumb the depths of infernal journalism, it had not occurred to me that the term requires more stringent application than it is commonly accorded: the sort of publication it popularly denotes, it appeared to me, stood out upon the landscape as obtrusively as a hippie's tent beneath a sugar maple. However, scholarship is supposed to be broadening; and a couple of months of rooting about in the funky undergrowth of American journalism have taught me that the true and perfect underground magazine—the choicest slip of nightshade—is a comparatively rare and perfect bloom, frequently obscured by larger and more succulent growths with their topmost fronds exposed to the clear sunshine, and happened upon after long and boggy explorations in the swamps.

The vast swarm of magazines, hatched every week (or every month, or whenever the spirit moves some hophead or rock freak or Marxist fanatic) and loosely classified as "underground," are marked by numerous unpleasant features, among which the following are a few:

a) biodegradable paper stock with hairs in it that appears to have been pulped with mortar and pestal by Ganges natives;

b) photographs of gaping, thrusting, and interpenetrating genitalia, frequently relieved by photos of slimy natural births in railroad apartments and Appalachian shacks;

c) reverent interviews with Himalayan catatonics;

d) Letters to the Editor from languishing convicts ("My packages of books should be marked as a gift and as educational material for sure delivery and in avoidance of any duty fees. All correspondence of letters or donations should be sent airmail... Love and Peace, Robert A. Bryant, prisoners and friends, Penal del Estado, Sonora, Mexico");

e) muckily Levantine personals ("*Attn. Local College Gays/Bis*—TWO good looking w/males, early 20s, sincere, discreet, easy going, clean-cut seek same for threesome and more. Please no fems, fags or hairies");

f) counter-career ads ("*Looking for a Livable Job?* This one is fun, lucrative, and flexible to your schedule and interest level. Selling ornithopters [mechanical birds] on the streets and parks of your town or campus");

g) the dogged substitution of the redolent noun "depression" for the more ubiquitous, but apologist, noun "recession";

h) the conscientious upper-casing of the ethnic noun "Black" and its unembarrassed juxtaposition with the lower-casing of the equally ethnic noun "white";

i) the identification of editorial staff and contributors by their Christian—pardon me, given—names;

j) the perfervid rhetoric of frog choruses croaking in the political marshes where the swamp-gas bubbles;

k) the casual denial of the *petit-bourgeois* urge toward technological perfection ("our apologies go out to Michael and our researchers for the layout error—if you hadn't noticed, the order of the paragraphs was confused, and one unfortunate sentence was left hanging in mid-air. We have decided not to reprint the article for lack of space; all of Michael's ideas are there, and they make sense no matter what order you read them in. However, if you want to read the article in its proper sequence, number all of the indented paragraphs, from 1 to 8. Then place paragraphs 15, 16 and 17 between paragraphs 8 and 9");

l) a powerful odor, like burnt feathers, of sectarian opposition—active or passive—to established political institutions—cultural or political—run into coitus with a fanatical restriction of emotional range and/or breadth of reportorial interest.

This much the publications of the so-called "underground" are likely to exhibit in common. But look beyond these particular attributes and others like them and you will have to recognize that the kinky press is actually divided into two broad categories: *counterculture*, and *underground* (or *anticulture*). Those magazines which belong to the former category are yet reducible to a common human denominator: they are the organs of a sort of cultural and political shadow cabinet. Those belonging to the second category are worms in the subsoil.

***

The counterculture is at bottom a mirror-image of the American—or perhaps I

should say Western—culture. Many of the propagandists for that counterculture are as serious in their pedagogical yearnings as a classics professor or Madison Avenue boy, as earnest as Norman Cousins. They have not as much done away with traditional values as they have inverted them, and the moral self-righteousness with which they push those values, like the manner in which they correlate and explain them, is fundamentally bourgeois. They are intent upon providing the counterculture with the same services with which an Arthur Ochs Sulzberger or Ann Landers provides the rest of us—that is to say, they fill its citizenry with self-sustaining and self-inflating images of themselves and of their roles in the world; minister to their psychic hurts when exterior forces, like Nelson Rockefeller or the U.S. drug laws, dismay and harass them; and instruct them in the multifarious riches of a world which is home to them. Like any mass-culture editor, the captains of the counterculture papers lead when they can and follow when they must, with a sharp eye always towards the drifting wants of their subscribers but with an eye also for the bounds of empirical reality. (When a reader of *The Aquarian*, a counterculture magazine published in New York City, wrote in to opine that "The *Aquarian* I used to know and love is dead[; it] used to concentrate on printing information that most of the other newspapers and magazines and media would ignore because it was 'too controversial'.... Now I am saddened to find that the *Aquarian* is devoting much of its space to rock music and personal ads," editor Jim Rensenbrink—a street university graduate's Garry Wills—replied: "This newspaper reflects the society as much as it tries to increase consciousness about things that it believes to be true. It must, if it is to continue to survive.... Rock music is the primary interest of a lot of people turned off from the present system and it is important and necessary that we cover it....")

Of all these wing-and-a-prayer magazines, those which most clearly approximate the mundane press are the political magazines—magazines like *Guardian*, *The Militant* ("A Socialist Newsweekly published in the interests of the Working People"), *Young Spartacus* (published by the Spartacus Youth League, the youth section of the Spartacist League), and *WIN*, which is printed with the aid of the War Resisters' League. Each of these magazines is of an advanced degree of political zaniness, yet each strives to make clear sense of a visible world that it portrays in terms recognizable even to its political enemies. Each is supported by a minuscule subscription list not because it denies the things with which civilized men are concerned but because it misunderstands those things. I would be scarcely more likely to describe a magazine like *WIN*—which regularly carries signed articles by such gilded wallahs of the New Left as Staughton Lynd—as an organ of the underground than I would be so to describe, say, *The Nation*; its extroverted preoccupations serve to keep the heads of its editors safely above ground—thus making them fair game for right-wing sharpshooters.

More, the political philosophy espoused by such magazines has been hanging around on the Left—in only slightly less ferocious incarnations—for nearly a century, and so can boast a well-established ancestry. It is hardly a surrealistic experience to stumble upon such a statement as that printed recently by *The Militant*, arguing that Portugal's Gonçalves, though he has "been defended by the Stalinist Communist Party and identified as a leftist in the capitalist media," espouses nevertheless a "real political program... not essentially different than that of his opponents in the MFA"; nor to read in *Guardian* that New York City's fiscal crisis is merely an excuse for flunkies of the municipal government "to justify attacks on labor and social services, so a city 'bankruptcy' might be used to justify further anti-labor measures"; nor to read a violent editorial in *Young Spartacus* denouncing Eldridge Cleaver for the "obscene 'hot pants'" he recently designed —"a costume tailored according to the debased image of the black man projected by the Ku Klux Klan"—and calling the postlapsarian Black Panther "at bottom a victim of this racist capitalist state." There comes a point in intellectual and political history at which insanity becomes respectable; that point having been passed long ago by the blowzy ideologies propounded by scads of little magazines mailed out of back alleys, the passing has conferred upon such vehicles a certain cracked integrity.

The essentially nonpolitical magazines of the counterculture—nocturnal mushrooms of the Now Generation—are funkier than the political organs, and speak to a world less recognizable to a healthy beefeater, yet they are written and edited—and presumably read—by people who have an at least half-digested education under their belts and at least a tenuous grasp of the verbal and other civilized skills. These publications serve as professor, syllabus, and textbook for hordes of the marginally-educated and counter-educated, and are generally rather specialized: they are the counterculture's *Leisure*, *House and Garden*, *Popular Mechanics*. One carries articles mainly on astrology; another (like Boston's *East West Journal*) on Zen; another on rock music; all treat their subjects with Teutonic solemnity, whether they be discoursing on natural childbirth, Cosmic Theater, Zen Tennis, or Pyramids as Energy. Their spirit is communal and communicative: a magazine called *Everything for Everybody*—published by an organization of the same name in New York—announced recently that "We have now started what we call our free Learning School. Any member who wishes to learn anything, no matter what the subject may be, has only to let us know what they want to study and we will arrange for other members to teach them." The people by whom and for whom these magazines exist are pretty much of the type whose Diasporic wanderings in the seventies are portrayed by the film saga *Milestones*: that is to say, they are endowed with less intelligence than their intellectual pretensions cause them to assume for themselves, and they are underenergized, inarticulate, and dreamy. They have made a world for themselves (to which, in the present sober decade, they are sufficiently wise not to attempt to wind in the straight world, as the moon try to wind in the Earth); but it is a world from which they may yet return to us and suffer in the process only a feeble case of the bends.

Yet here my article, as George Ade said of his fable, begins to differentiate:

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below this level we enter the dank cloaca of the true underground, one of the reigning inhabitants of which is the paranoid magazine published by and for creatures who consider themselves to be, not *among* the oppressed, but quite simply *the* oppressed. Life to these beings is a stark drama in black and white, and their inability to put Life to rights makes them vicious with a lobotomizing anger. Notable among them are the adherents of the she-wolf women's movement.

At a celebration of thanksgiving fielded last spring by the antiwar groups of the sixties to mark the communization of Greater Vietnam, Dave Dellinger, according to *The Nation*, "expressed the hope that the women's movement would provide the energy and direction needed to sustain a campaign" that could serve to reunite the Movement. Well, Dave Dellinger better watch out: a lot of these ladies are *crazy*. Even the more emotionally stable countercultural publications—like *WIN*, which manages to discuss such atrocities as racism and corporations with a semblance of composure—wax violent on the subject of women, in articles written almost without exception by women. ("We find," wrote something called Andrea Dworkin in *WIN*, "that millions upon millions of women have died as the victims of organized genocide. It is not easy for us to bear what we see.... For centuries, we have had male values slammed down our throats and up our c**ts.") There is a little magazine called *Radical Therapy* that is devoted to freeing therapeutics—mainly therapeutics as practiced upon sexually deviant women—from capitalist therapists and bourgeois values. It publishes poems—one of which begins, "Beware the rapist, my horny friends"—as well as warnings from fat ladies: "The secret rage and humiliation of fat women could burn this country to the ground.... Thin-identified women don't realize how political their fear of fat is." Most of *RT*'s contributors believe that the United States, conservatively described, is "a racist, sexist, capitalistic heterosexist society"; one demands, not in the least rhetorically, "What do you say to a lesbian who's been raped by her brother?"

Between squeals of rage, the self-obsessives of the paranoid magazines devote themselves largely to self-celebration and consciousness raising. Thus *Majority Report* ("The material for this issue was brought to you by a couple of dykes who live in an avocado-colored VW van, which was parked for several weeks on the streets of Greenwich Village") recently carried a piece entitled "Lesbians Have Natural Rhythm," which argued that jazz was directly communicated to American culture by voodoo priestesses in mid-nineteenth-century New Orleans —a fact, it seems, that has been deliberately obscured by male chauvinists in musicology departments. Thus too *RT* attempts to bolster feminine morale by advertising in its back pages posters featuring "Judy Greenberg's beautiful 'Phoenix' graphic of the Phoenix-woman rising from the burning couch of a hospital," while *Majority Report* is keeping the lesbian-feminist and plain-feminist communities informed of happenings pertinent to their obsessions through a department called "Hot Flashes" that enumerates both setbacks—such as a statement by the Chief Psychiatrist of the National Hospital in Copenhagen that the female brain is inferior to the male in its powers of abstract reasoning and in "constructive association of ideas"—and advances—such as the appointment of a woman to the rank of Professor of Beer at an Edinburgh brewing school—in the slippery progress of the Second Sex.

Perhaps the hard-core sex mags represent the deepest recesses in which lurk the troglodytes of the American Fourth Estate, but of this I have my doubts; the reason being that these magazines appear to be published by and for essentially normal people for whom sex is either a pleasant commodity and/or an impudent business for saucy Babbitts. It is true that a faggot magazine like *Big David*—emblazoned with sketches of truck drivers wearing galluses and Continental Op hats, their hands plunged

through each other's flies—flirts with paranoid obsessiveness in the editorial that introduces each issue ("Though the world was spared the headlines on the order of FAGGOT SAVES FORD'S LIFE, we still think that Bay Area gay rights activist Oliver Sipple received short shrift for his heroic actions"); but it remains a fact nevertheless that the rest of the magazine is devoted to scatological bedtime stories for homosexuals, stories calculated to allow their readers to relax and forget Mom for a while—in brief, perverse versions of True Romance tales.

Similarly, *Screw* is a journal published not by warped and distracted people but by waggish fellows with a sense of humor and a biological resistance to sexual squeamishness who have discovered that crude sex—sex with every hair exposed—can make nearly as much money as does glossy sex—with every hair waxed off. They are guys who take a healthy man's delight in a risqué and wicked profession. *Screw*'s interviews with the celebrities of the sexual underworld are both clever and amusing, and possessed as well of a wry sophistication. Said Blaze Starr, one of America's classiest strippers, to *Screw* of her encounter with Mr. Rizzo of Philadelphia: "One of the best l**s I've ever had." Of JFK: "No, no, we did it. We were in there [a closet] going ooh, ahh.... Well, he was good." Of Nixon: "In my opinion Nixon's a fag." Of Rocky: "But I'm going to eventually." Of Scoop Jackson: "I also like Senator Jackson." Of President Ford: "He probably hasn't had a good l*y in years." Any well-adjusted St. Louis accountant can read that sort of thing forever—as can I. *Screw*'s people are naughty: they're not submerged souls.

No. My candidate for the perfect example of top-flight hard-core underground journalism is a little magazine called *The City Moon*, published no doubt in some railroad WC on the New York waterfront. *The Moon* has it all: paranoia, schizophrenia, illiteracy, obsessionism, sadism, lobotomism, and a sheer inability to distinguish the real from the merely fantastic. Nobody who has anything to do with getting this little gem onto the streets could dwell anywhere but in one of New York's fabled sewers, where pet alligators, flushed down toilets, grow to be fifty feet long; where pet snakes, similarly disposed of, grow six heads and hind feet; where Italian waiters, driven underground by Mafiosi, bend double and guard hoards like Wagnerian dwarfs.

The Moon believes the holocaust to be at hand—may occur in fact before the city defaults, before the $2.3 billion arrives. "Never look up... Always drop flat on your stomach.... Never start rumors.... About the third day you'd feel much better and you'd get along fine for about 10 or 12 days. Then one morning you'd look at your pillow and find that your hair had begun to fall out.... You might even have bloody spots on your skin and slight bleedings in your mouth. It's barely possible you might find that for a time you were unable to beget children, although you could still have sexual relations." Gloria Hurd, a 29-inch dwarf, has given birth to an 18½-inch, five-pound nine-ounce son, *The Moon* announces. A mysterious chap named Cockburn—resembling Alfred Hitchcock and apparently a familiar figure to the readers of *The Moon*—has announced himself, shortly after establishing a record as a world-champion snake-sitter, available for the Presidential nomination. "DOZENS MOURN" the assassination of former Present Noxin, who was attacked by a killer clad in a faded 1958 Boy Scout uniform and brandishing an Afrocomb as he sat on the patio of San Clemenza, his California home, eating cottage cheese with A-1 sauce. By and by there's going to be a tremendous shock: millions of the Earth's "choicest inhabitants," including *The Moon* editorial board, are going to be carried away to another planet. Readers are reminded that, in the words of André Breton, "The simplest surrealist act consists of dashing down into the street, pistol in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd."

So there you are. If you want vintage underground, subscribe to *The City Moon* (eight issues per year, $5: "*Subscriptions* c/o Ed. Grauerholz, Box 842, Canal St. Sta., New York, N.Y 10013"). If you just like the feel of biodegradable paper between your fingers, pick up a copy of *The Alternative*. □

Book Review/William F. Harvey

Rehabilitating Criminology

In 1949, when the Gallup Poll asked residents of large cities to name their major worries, the most frequent answers were poor housing, traffic congestion, high taxes, and corrupt politics; only 4 percent mentioned crime. Today, however, city dwellers consistently tell pollsters that crime is their community's worst problem, worse even than unemployment and the cost of living. In the intervening years—and particularly the last ten or fifteen—the crime rate has risen enormously. In 1973, according to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, there were *37 million* victims of crime, about sixty percent of whom were victims of violent crime.

The Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Levi, has said that "it's not surprising we have this increase," and that the "way to change it is to try to change the accepting attitude of the American public." The American public is not to blame, of course, except to the extent that it has listened too much to some federal officials who often speak on the subject. Several Attorneys General, for instance.

But if one might accept Mr. Levi's focus for just a moment, there is a way to change attitudes about crime. The Attorney General should obtain funds, perhaps a categorical grant program, and buy and distribute several million copies of James Q. Wilson's great book, *Thinking about Crime*. He should send the first thousand copies to the members of Congress and the Federal Judiciary. If just half of those are read, he will have commenced, for a federal official, the most effective and least expensive change in attitude about crime since the hanging of some of President Lincoln's assassins.

The other copies he should send to everyone—students and teachers, lawyers, doctors, social science researchers, foundation officials et al.—who has come under the influence of the criminological theories prevailing in this land. These theories vary according as they consider crime a symptom of biological, psychological, or sociological "diseases"—but they all tend to advance the proposition that "we shall not eliminate crime until we remove its underlying causes." It is Wilson's contention that this proposition does not "supply a plausible basis for the advocacy of public policy."

The problem with this kind of causal analysis, Wilson argues, is that criminologists have been advancing their ideological preconceptions about what *ought* to "solve the crime problem," without engaging in any empirical study to discover what kinds of policies actually *would* reduce crime. It was not until the 1960s, for example, over fifty years after criminology began as a discipline in the United States, that there was any serious and sustained inquiry into the effects on crime rates of differences in the certainty and severity of penalties. Here is one of the central policy questions of law enforcement, and yet criminologists did not even bother to study it! As a result, according to Wilson, "when social scientists were asked for advice by national policy-making bodies, they could not respond with suggestions derived from and supported by their scholarly work." They tended instead to give advice deriving from their general political views—vague pronouncements that the way to fight crime was to end poverty and unemployment, or to make prisons more effective in rehabilitating criminals.

In *Thinking about Crime*, Wilson takes pains to rebut such misconceptions. He points out that if criminal opportunities are profitable, which, given the present unlikelihood of punishment, they clearly are, then many prospective criminals will choose not to take those legitimate jobs which exist. There are limits to the effect that providing greater employment opportunities can have on reducing crime; and he suggests that a better strategy might be to reduce the rewards of crime through more certain punishment. Wilson knows that few of the so-called experts, "especially among the ranks of many professional students of crime, are even willing to entertain the possibility that penalties make a difference." Yet one can only hope they might examine his suggestion, because changing the risks and rewards of punishment, while it probably would not deter hardened criminals, might yield solid results for those marginal cases who are neither addicted to thievery nor morally vaccinated against it. Whatever one may do to try to eliminate the "causes" of crime over the long run, in the short run the only way to alter behavior is to assume that people act according to the costs and benefits in alternative courses of action.

Thinking about Crime

by James Q. Wilson
Basic Books $10.00

As for the rehabilitationist ideal of punishment, Wilson proposes not that it be abandoned but that it cease to be the "governing purpose" of punishment. Almost every national commission on crime —from Wickersham in the 1930s to Katzenbach in the 1960s to Patterson in the 1970s—has advocated "prison reform" as the answer to crime, hoping that by improving "therapeutic" strategies, prisons would better rehabilitate criminals. But prisons have never done very well at rehabilitating, and Wilson sees little evidence that any of the lavish and expensive penal "reforms" have improved matters. On the other hand, he musters considerable evidence that imprisonment has some deterrent effect on crime and, more important, that it can keep repeating offenders from repeating their offenses. It is probably no coincidence that in the 1960s, while crime rates were soaring, the number of state and federal prisoners actually dropped from 213,000 to 196,000, or that in New York State the likelihood of punishment fell by a factor of *six* during the decade.

Above all, Wilson urges that we think about crime and punishment in an empirical way, experimenting with different penalties and ways of law enforcement to find the best means of reducing problems. Consider heroin addiction. Although hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent on methadone and other treatment centers, therapeutic methods of curing addiction have had little success; Wilson cites estimates that the relapse rate for addicts who have undergone treatment is between 90 and 95 percent. Where there has been punishment rather than "medical" treatment, it has focused on the "pusher," under the misimpression that it is he who foists the noxious substance on unsuspecting youth. Actually, Wilson shows, heroin is spread largely through contagious peer-group contacts; to stop a heroin "epidemic" from spreading, it is important to try different ways of apprehending and isolating "carriers."

Wilson has no great expectations of eliminating or even drastically reducing the incidence of crime, for many factors influencing it are beyond public control. Thus, he points out that one of the major reasons why the crime rate rose so steeply in the 1960s was that there was a large proportional increase in the population of young men, the demographic group which commits most violent crime. More important, the social bonds of urban communities began to come under severe strains in the early 1960s, as indicated by large rises in welfare dependency, violence, hard drug use, and other marks of community disintegration. The response of the dominant forces in the media and politics to the rise in crime and violence was to deny the data, to maintain that the stunning increases were due to a lack of funds (this before the Vietnam war), or to accuse the police departments of prejudice, ignorance, brutality, and unresponsiveness. But, as Wilson shows, the true "urban problem" was a failure of community, a lessening observance of the standards of right and of seemly conduct which maintain community cohesion. There is little that policy analy-

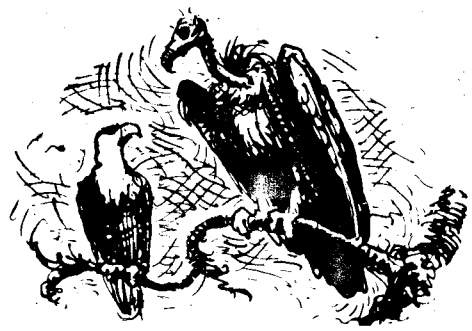
sis can do to solve this problem.

Nevertheless, Wilson argues that small reductions in the crime rate—in the neighborhood of fifteen percent—are improvements all the same. And he feels that given an empirical approach to policy, an approach which tries to change the pattern of costs and benefits in crime, such improvements are possible. "I argue that a proper understanding of man and the publicly controllable forces to which he will respond, coupled with only moderate expectations about what can be accomplished under even the best of circumstances, is the essential place to begin any discussion of crime and its control."

In his conclusion, Wilson goes beyond such utilitarian considerations to suggest that one of the most important ways to think about crime is to return to the question of justice. He observes, in discussing capital punishment, that because our leaders are untrained in the discipline of philosophical discourse, and because we are "an increasingly secular and positivist society that has little confidence in its ethical premises, the capital punishment debate has been framed largely in utilitarian terms." The proper question, he adds, may not be whether capital punishment prevents future crimes, "but whether it is a proper and fitting penalty for crimes that have occurred."

And maybe that is the essence of this excellent book. James Q. Wilson is animated by a spirit of justice and, much like Learned Hand, by a spirit of liberty. He will attempt to understand what can be accomplished by government in an open, nontotalitarian society, and he will appreciate whatever progress is achieved. Such a view requires an understanding of both the abilities of government and its limitations. A rare understanding these days. When Mr. Wilson thinks about crime, he is almost unique in that he thinks. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

The Doubts of Academe

This spring marks, for me, the last semester in a process of formal education that began nineteen years ago in Indianapolis, Indiana. The last seven of these years have been spent at Harvard—College and Law School—and it is about this period that I wish to write. This is a rather personal topic, compared with the normal subject matter of this column, and there is always the temptation to generalize from one's own experiences a bit more than is called for. But if I may be permitted a few moments of personal reflection in this usually politically-oriented space, I think that there is much about Harvard in the last few years that speaks of the current pulse of the nation.

I entered Harvard in 1969 at the age of 18, somewhat awed by its reputation, a bit proud that I had been admitted, a bit frightened about whether I would be able to keep up. It is indeed an impressive institution on first meeting, boasting a large and occasionally beautiful campus, a faculty of national and often international repute, and a 340-year tradition of academic excellence. Of this last fact, Harvard is particularly and self-consciously proud—not so much a Daughters-of-the-American-Revolution, "we were here first" pride (although there is some of that) but rather a certain satisfaction in being unique among American institutions of higher learning, coupled with a sense of obligation to continue training talented individuals for service to the nation.

It is a praiseworthy tradition, by and large, and Harvard swiftly seeks to make its entering students feel that they are a part of it. One quickly moves beyond initial misgivings about whether one belongs, and is caught up in that sense of intellectual challenge and excitement which is education at its best. Of course, life at Harvard is not a perpetual grind of academic endeavor; it is college, after all, and there are football weekends, parties, booze, sex, and the whole gamut of periodic indulgences to which undergraduates are prone. But on the whole, one's dominant impression is that Harvard is a seat of learning, a place where achievement is encouraged and excellence rewarded—not simply with external awards and academic honors, but also with that quieter, deeper fulfillment that comes when challenge, talent, and effort combine to produce growth. Gradually, one develops the sense that when the institution speaks, with a touch of largely forgivable arrogance, of a "Harvard man," it does not mean a seventh-generation Cabot or Adams, but rather refers to one who has been educated and trained for responsible citizenship in a free society.

I have spoken of my "dominant" impression of Harvard, and have done so in fairly laudatory terms, for it is an experience I cherish and an opportunity for which I am grateful. But there is also much about today's Harvard which I find disturbing, particularly so in light of its long tradition of excellence. I am not referring to things like drug use or sexual activity among students, although the hedonism which such pursuits reveal may be a reflection of the larger problem with which I am concerned. Nor (since I am a bit young to be a crotchety alumnus) am I upset about whatever changes may be taking place in the more external and superficial aspects of the University's traditions. Rather, what disturbs me is that the institution is becoming less sure of the values it has historically taught, and less confident of the standards it has always maintained—in other words, that Harvard, like much of the nation, is developing a certain tentativeness and uncertainty about those attitudes and beliefs which lie at the very core of Western civilization.

This tendency is not, in many ways, a conscious phenomenon. It is not directly expressed in faculty resolutions, nor in the reports of the President to the Harvard Corporation. Its indications are of a subtler variety, but are nonetheless real. One finds them in a growing trend toward grade inflation, which reflects less the standard canard that grades are a faulty measure of ability and achievement than it does an increasing sense that any effort to evaluate individual performance by objective criteria is somehow a demeaning and inherently untrustworthy task. One sees them in a university grown excessively tentative and apologetic about its disciplinary procedures, as if to expel students who deal in hard narcotics or seize university buildings would be to display an insufficiently sensitive attitude to "alternative" lifestyles or modes of political expression. And one notes them, most disturbingly of all, in classrooms that are all too often dominated by a superficial and misguided "tolerance"—an atmosphere in which all opinions are "valid," all ideas are of equal merit, and "truth" is but a label which each individual applies to his personal and idiosyncratic conclusions. The problem is not yet per-

vasive: Harvard still evaluates, disciplines, and teaches, and in many cases does so quite well. But there are perceptible and growing traces of doubt about the worth of the entire educational endeavor —a gnawing sense that standards are somehow arbitrary, that merit and excellence are merely expressions of opinion, that teaching individuals to be well-rounded and responsible adults represents some kind of narrow cultural imperialism. There is in short a serious and potentially critical loss of faith in what the university is about, a loss which is inevitably reflected in the attitudes of the university's students. The result is a tendency toward impotence of intellect and character which neither a university nor a civilization can long survive.

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For the last two years I have spent about one-third of my waking hours working for the *Harvard Law Review*. The *Review* is a somewhat clannish institution, if only because the demands of putting out eight issues a year force us to work together for some forty hours each week. About two-thirds of our members are selected on grades, with the rest chosen on the basis of a writing competition, and it is by and large a fairly talented aggregation. The work is often tedious—checking citations and correcting press errors take a lot of time—but it is often exciting as well, as one gets the chance to learn and write about significant issues in American law. The *Review* is fairly respected among the nation's lawyers and jurists; we are proud of that fact, and like to think that our magazine has some modest impact on the course of legal development.

Most members of the *Review* are considerably more liberal than I in their political outlook, and almost all of us have strong personal convictions accompanied by a healthy measure of self-confidence. To a remarkable degree, however, personal and political predilections have slight influence in either the publication process or in the final product. There is a usually unstated but nonetheless heavy emphasis on substantive merit in putting together an issue, which reflects a common sense of personal responsibility to the *Review* as an institution. We have frequent and occasionally heated discussions about whether a given idea is in fact meritorious, but we are not torn by self-doubt about what the basic criteria of legal excellence are, nor plagued with existential questions about the concept of merit itself. Most members have a pretty sound sense of what they are about in producing a legal journal.

Recently, we elected Susan Estrich to be president of next year's volume, which makes her the first woman in our 90-year history to hold our most crucial editorial position. This event sparked a fair amount of local and national news coverage, but Susan's response to innumerable questions about whether she was chosen because of her sex spoke well both of her and of the institution she will head. Her selection, she agreed, had a certain symbolic significance for women, but that significance lay in its demonstration that a woman, even in a male-dominated institution, could be evaluated and elevated on the basis of merit, rather than on the basis of some variety of reverse discrimination. I was more than pleased with Susan's election, because I though her work indicated that she deserved the job. But I was especially proud of the note she struck in discussing her election with the media, for it reflected what most of us feel about the magazine: that it is a demanding, significant, and worthwhile endeavor, where merit and quality of performance are the paramount criteria.

No doubt I am projecting a bit in talking about the *Law Review*, because I have devoted so much time to it over the past two years. But I think it is fair to say that the *Review* is one example of Harvard, and of education in general, at its best: a challenging, work-demanding preparation of individuals for responsible participation in and contribution to the cultural tradition to which we are all heirs. As I finish my formal education and leave this university, experiences of this type are foremost in my mind.

But I am conscious as well of the other observations that I have noted here, observations which trouble me about the continuing vitality of Harvard and other institutions as vehicles for such growth and preparation. Freedom is not self-perpetuating; in particular, it cannot survive the moral vacuum where all standards of performance are rejected as arbitrary, and all judgments dismissed as merely "relatively" correct. As Walter Lippmann once noted, "the acquired culture is not transmitted in our genes, and so the issue is always in doubt." Today the issue is in doubt largely because we are increasingly traumatized by an uncertainty about our purposes that is almost totally unjustified on the historical record. Ours is a culture of which we can be proud, however conscious we are of its faults and however much we would seek to improve it. While our educational institutions have a vital role to play in that process of criticism and improvement, their crucial task remains one of "transmission" to each succeeding generation. On balance, I believe that my own experience speaks fairly highly of their performance of that task; I hope and pray that the same will be true for my children. □

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Book Review/Juliana G. Pilon

The Soviet Labor Camps: A Requiem

The publication of *The Gulag Archipelago Two* continues one of the more monumental works to appear in this century. Ours is of course the age of totalitarianism, the age of the ubiquitous state; seldom has the experience of that beast been so movingly captured as in these tomes. This would not be so were *Gulag* simply another piece of "investigative journalism." Calling it a prose poem would be more accurate, without diminishing the importance of its informational content. Yet Solzhenitsyn's own classification is still the most fitting: an "experiment." In Solzhenitsyn's crucible lies the psyche itself, with its spectrum of ethical colors. The challenge: *legal* brutality on an unprecedented scale. Having confronted it in his own experience, Solzhenitsyn strives to understand it, to observe what it does to people, to his countrymen, whose guilt and agony must be borne silently. The scalpel of Solzhenitsyn's moral eye dissects men's reactions —their quivers of fear, their calm courage, the thrills of temptation. *Gulag* condemns, pities, loves: no mere list of atrocities, it is ultimately an exercise in ethics and therefore in self-knowledge. Throughout, and especially in *Gulag Two*, Solzhenitsyn reveals his faith in man's boundless compassion and vitality.

Our century has outdone its predecessors in demonstrating the excesses of man's inhumanity to man: totalitarianism legalized the practice of evil, giving it new names, denying it. Under Communist rule, for the sake of an amorphous and mythical "good of the people" the people themselves are being sacrificed, daily. Prisons are swarming with innocents. Continuing the task of the first book, *Gulag Two* documents again the barbaric penal system engendered by the Russian Revolution. While the first book dealt primarily with describing the Soviet "prison industry," the second exposes the labor camps fiasco and its effect upon the whole of Soviet society.

Concentration camps, designed not for POW's but for citizens of one's own country, were conceived by Lenin, skillfully developed by Stalin, and have since been perfected to an art by millions of opportunists, cowards, or outright sadists. "Work, not leisure, for the enemies of the people!" But the "work" appeared often to be designed mainly—perhaps exclusively—to kill. One survivor of a hopeless project doomed to failure because of (deliberately?) hasty and inadequate planning describes the situation there as follows: "At the end of the workday there were corpses left on the work site. The snow powdered their faces. One of them was hunched over beneath an overturned wheelbarrow, he had hidden his hands in his sleeves and frozen to death in that position. Someone had frozen with his head bent down between his knees. Two were frozen back to back leaning against each other. They were peasant lads and the best workers one could possibly imagine. They were sent to the canal in tens of thousands at a time, and the authorities tried to work things out so no one got to the same subcamp as his father; they tried to break up families. And right off they gave them norms... that you'd be unable to fulfill even in summer. No one was able to teach them anything, to warn them; and in their village simplicity they gave all their strength to their work and weakened very swiftly and then froze to death, embracing in pairs."

When necessary, the authorities resorted to lying: "And here's another way they raised the norms and proved it was possible to fulfill them: In cold lower than 60 degrees below zero, workdays were written off; in other words, on such days the records showed that the workers had not gone out to work; but they chased them out anyway, and whatever they squeezed out of them on those days was added to the other days, thereby raising the percentages. (And the servile Medical Section wrote off those who froze to death on such cold days on some other bases. And the ones who were left who could no longer walk and were straining every sinew to crawl along on all fours on the way back to camp, the convoy simply shot, so that they wouldn't escape before they could come back to them.)"

The Gulag Archipelago Two, 1918-1956: An Experiment in Literary Investigation

by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Harper & Row $15.00, paper $2.50

Work camps—or massacre sites?: "At the Serpantinka they used to shoot from thirty to fifty men every day under an overhanging roof near the isolator. Then they dragged the corpses off behind a hillock on tractor sledges. The tractor drivers, the stevedores, and the gravediggers lived in a separate barracks. After Garanin himself had been shot they shot all of them too."

And on, and on. Solzhenitsyn's claim that the so-called labor camps are nothing but a form of torture is hard to contest. Many of the incidents he cites of corruption and mismanagement would even be amusing were they not so horrifying. The camps were designed not to "rehabilitate" anyone but only to break wills, bodies, minds. To be sure, the prisoners did build railroads, apartment buildings, factories, canals, they cut wood and worked in the fields, they were very useful in "building socialism." But at what cost? Slave labor. The lives of millions. Indeed, the very conscience of Russia.

Is there a conscience left in Russia? As Solzhenitsyn's moral tale unfolds, we meet the unscrupulous guards, the informers, and prisoners grown callous—concerned to save their own skin at any price. Stories abound of people denouncing others for acts never committed, just to get a little more bread or an easier work assignment. Stealing food from ill prisoners ("You're going to die anyway!") was not uncommon. Can this cruelty be attributed solely to the inhuman camp conditions? Solzhenitsyn makes it clear that such behavior differs little from that of all too many ordinary Soviet citizens outside the camps: sacrificing others just to obtain more or less illusory, more or less temporary privileges.

The camps in fact were filled for the most part with *ordinary* people. Alongside the comparatively few nonpolitical prisoners, the so-called "socially friendly elements"—rapists, murderers, and thieves, whose ruthless acts would invariably earn them advantages in camp—were the "socially unfriendly," the politicals, the innocents: "A tailor laying aside his needle stuck it into a newspaper on the wall so it wouldn't get lost and happened to stick it in the eye of a portrait of Kaganovich. A customer observed this: Article 58, ten years (terrorism). A saleswoman accepting merchandise from a forwarder noted it down on a sheet of newspaper. There was no other paper. The number of pieces of soap happened to fall on the forehead of Comrade Stalin. Article 58, ten years.... A shepherd in a fit of anger swore at a cow for not obeying: 'You collective-farm wh---!' And he got 58, and a term [ten years]."

Nor are these exceptions. Children too were taken to the camps: "...Vera Inchik, the daughter of a charwoman, and two other girls, all aged fourteen, discovered (Yeisk, in 1932) that in the course of the liquidation of the 'kulaks,' little children were being thrown out to die. The girls ('like the revolutionaries earlier') decided to protest. They wrote out their protests in their own handwriting on sheets of paper taken from their school notebooks and posted them in the marketplace themselves, expecting immediate and universal indignation. A doctor's daughter, it would appear, was arrested immediately. But the daughter of the charwoman was only noted on a list. When 1937 came, she, too, was arrested—'for spying on behalf of Poland.' " Ten years. Or twenty-five. Some children never left the camps. And many were much younger. They would be imprisoned for

stealing a little grain spilled from a truck or simply for having a religious father.

Yet in spite of their horrors, labor camps were in some respects preferable to life outside. Peace of mind, a sense of freedom, is easier to attain when everything has been taken away—possessions, and family. Outside, on the other hand, the lack of trust (informers everywhere), the human price of privilege (how many lies—and lives—did your new sofa cost?), the survival of the morally unfit, are daily realities. As one reads *Gulag Two*, in fact, it becomes clear that the Soviet system fosters not decency and virtue but deception and falsehood. One has to wonder how a country can survive that for decades has systematically undertaken to exterminate its best, its strongest people!

It not only survives but continues in the same direction, fueled by the ubiquitous weakness of man's frail moral constitution. In confinement, Solzhenitsyn has come to understand: "Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties either—but right through every human heart—and through all human hearts. This line shifts. Inside us, it oscillates with the years. And even within hearts overwhelmed by evil, one small bridgehead of good is retained. And even in the best of all hearts, there remains... an unuprooted small corner of evil." In Russia, that evil is encouraged to grow.

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that Solzhenitsyn ends on a pessimistic note. He does, indeed, accuse—convincingly, without mercy. His indictments are written in blood, burning with the fire that, between 1918 and 1959, consumed the lives of over 66 million people in the Soviet camps alone. Yet his book is suffused with a gentleness, love, and admiration for those who have suffered innocently: a requiem so beautiful, and yet so simple... Solzhenitsyn's own people are not allowed to hear it. But the West —will it listen? Or have we grown deaf from the comforts of ignorance? □

Book Review/Patricia Kavanagh

Down the Upper Staircase

Thrashing a bad boy is obsolete; even the bad boy is passé. Now, according to professional educators, he suffers from minimal brain dysfunction. This means that he acts like a brain-injured child even though tests show no organic damage. The treatment for this newly-discovered syndrome is a daily dose of stimulants which, paradoxically, calm hyperactive children.

In earlier days, these restless children would have been punished or shepherded to classes for the retarded or emotionally disturbed, but now they are said to be driven by a medical disorder. This diagnosis is convenient for parents, who no longer feel guilty for their children's misbehavior: If something is medically wrong with Johnny—even if it is vaguely defined and includes more than three hundred symptoms—it is outside the sphere of human will. And the treatment is convenient for teachers, who can restore order to their classrooms by using "the smart pill" rather than the rod or intimidation.

But there are also grave dangers in the use of this treatment, as Peter Schrag and Diana Divoky point out in this catalogue of abuses. *The Myth of the Hyperactive Child* is a sensational book: the authors stoke outrage with stories of children drugged against their will, but the stories so often lack details—when and where the abuses happened—that one suspects composites, or at least incomplete reporting. It is an imprecise book: the authors can say only that between 500,000 and 1,000,000 children are maintained on such drugs; this and other estimates are so broad as to suggest that the authors used a dartboard in their research. Yet it is valuable all the same, in pointing out the pseudo-science that surrounds the treatment of "hyperactivity," "learning disabilities," and "minimal brain dysfunction."

Thus, the authors cite studies in which 88% of the teachers said they could identify their hyperactive students, but in which doctors reached the same judgment for only 13% of the children so labeled. They show how doctors often prescribe psychoactive drugs for children without giving them thorough examinations. In the December 1974 issue of *Psychology Today*, neuropsychiatrist Sydney Walker III described the true problems of children he had treated who were thought to be "hyperactive." The true causes of their misbehavior ranged from the comic —tight underwear—to the tragic—a malformed heart and brain lesions. What is so frightening is that the medical tendency is to treat all such children with similar stimulant drugs.

The Myth of the Hyperactive Child

by Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky
Pantheon $10.00

One can assume that organic problems *do* prevent some children from reading or concentrating (in contrast with Schrag and Divoky, who think "hyperactivity" is a "myth"), and still be appalled by the flaccid and often casual standards of diagnosis and treatment which the authors describe. For there is a logical error in the treatment of hyperactivity, comparable to prevailing attitudes about violent criminals. "Some murderers are insane," psychiatrists proclaimed, and the proposition was seized by lawyers who argued, "My client must be insane, because he murdered." Finally, people eager to believe that a normal person is not capable of violence, decided, "Anyone who murders is insane."

Similarly, psychologists began to suspect about thirty-five years ago that some children misbehaved because of organic damage (a proposition never verified by consistent experimental results). Teachers, to explain failure to ambitious parents, announced, "Your child must have MBD or he would learn." Finding that explanation palatable, parents agreed, "Any child who acts up is neurologically handicapped."

Partly as a result of this book, partly as a result of more cautious criticism of drug treatment from within special education circles, people are beginning to recognize the potential for abuse in "the smart pill." In Taft, California, parents of 18 children have filed suit charging that the school doctor improperly prescribed psychoactive drugs; they are asking $25,000 in damages for each child. In 1973, Massachusetts passed a law forbidding school officials to administer drugs or to suggest that a child be given drugs.

If the charge that drugs are used for social control seems preposterous, consider these figures, released for the past school year by the National Education Association: Pupils committed 100 murders, 12,000 armed robberies, 9,000 rapes, and 270,000 burglaries on school property, and caused $600 million in school property damage. Teachers have clear need for extreme measures if they are to give even the appearance of education. Schrag and Divoky attack hyperactivity, however, not just as an abuse of power but with the assumption that no coercion of children is legitimate. In fact, the book is subtitled, "And Other Means of Child Control." In addition to their assaults on drug treatment, the authors rail against the keeping of school records from parents, the channeling of errant children into "predelinquency" therapy, and the use of behavior modification. Educators may in fact abuse power in these ways,

but the moral case against hidden cameras in reformatories is hardly as compelling as the story of the drugged child whose hand shook so badly he could not hold a pencil.

Schrag and Divoky either fail or refuse to see that the mumbo-jumbo of LD and MBD resulted from a denial of the coercive nature of schools. Coercion is built into classrooms; children can learn neither to spell nor to sit still without social pressure. One need not be sentimental about corporal punishment to see that a child could take his crack on the palm and then *decide* to change. A child who is fed stimulants by the clock is not free to improve. (Not incidentally, when stimulant drugs lose their calming effect in early adolescence, the junior high school teacher inherits 13-year-olds with the inhibitions of six-year-olds.)

The authors are concerned legitimately that a generation is being schooled for dependence, but they imply that to raise independent children, schools must eliminate pressures to conform. Educators already have bought that line. They are afraid to admit their superiority over their pupils, afraid of destroying creativity, and afraid to assert control. In their failure to distinguish proper from improper uses of authority, teachers have resorted to increasingly covert means of power—namely drugs.

Schrag and Divoky want to lift manipulation out of the teacher-student relationship, but this seemingly benevolent goal underlies the practices they attack. If educators take drugs away in the name of liberating children from "control," what new methods will they devise to keep order? □

The Talkies

by Christopher Buckley

The Sunshine Boys

It opens with an emblem. A pigeon squats on the bronze head of George M. Cohan in Herald Square. The inscription on the statue's pedestal bears the coda of those giddy, bygone days: "Give my regards to Broadway." In that golden age it wasn't unusual for 45 plays to be running at the same time, to hear strains of "It's a Grand Old Flag" spilling out the stage doors into back alleys. They were the days when a brand new Empire State Building rose like an art deco lighthouse over the greatest city in the world, when Busby Berkeley's gold-diggers danced on pianos at the Stork Club. There were Amos and Andy, Jay Gatsby, FDR, Black Thursday: hard times, but always there were the good times, the septuagenarians tell us. And amid the bubble and the splendor a man stood up, crying happily against the dying of the light. "Give my regards to Broadway." To which he might have added, "The rest is silence."

Now the bubbles have popped and the splendor is being videotaped in the TV studios. The pigeon coos as the camera passes over George's words, and there, in a way, you have it all—except for the old man in a black overcoat, hunching along with the noontime Herald Square crowds. He turns and casts a cold eye on the pigeon, the way a retired army captain might scowl at a bird besmirching a cast-iron Ike. He shuffles along to his audition for a *Frumpies* potato chip commercial. He arrives an hour late, fumbles his lines, and enrages the director, who has no patience with an old fool who can't get the word *Frumpie* straight, no matter if he *was* one of the biggest names in Vaudeville. With that Willie Clark is back on the sidewalk, reflecting that "I'm in this business 47 years, I learn a few things. You learn what makes audiences laugh." But not Madison Avenue ad directors. His nephew, who is also his agent, promises to get him an audition with the Alka-Seltzer people and Willie jaywalks off toward the Ansonia Hotel, a dilapidated archipelago of old folks who, like Willie, have seen happier times. For Willie Clark, there are no tomorrows; and in the age of *Frumpie* commercials the yesterdays look better and better every day.

The Sunshine Boys, which according to an ad in the *Times*, has broken "every record" in Radio City Music Hall's 43-year history, is a great film. In part it is due to Herbert Ross' able direction; in part it is due to Neil Simon's ingenious, tender screenplay. That George Burns, age 79, came out of retirement to make his first film in 39 years is cause for celebration and applause. For me, though, it was Walter Matthau—as Willie Clark—who did the most work and made the most magic. But *The Sunshine Boys* is the sum of many magical parts.

It is a sad story—we all have our rendezvous to make with the Conqueror Pigeon—but the Stouffer's set at Radio City did not come for pathos alone. They came for the joy. And a lot of joy went into this story about two aged Jewish Vaudevillians who worked together as a team for 47 years and can't stand each other. To hear Willie tell it, the team of Lewis and Clark was as hot as ever when Al Lewis (Burns) decided one night that 11,000 shows were enough and retired. That was 11 years ago, and they haven't spoken since.

Willie lives alone in his suite at the Ansonia amid the squalor of an old man left to himself: heaps of medicine bottles, TV dinner packets, and whistling tea kettles. His nephew (Richard Benjamin) visits him on Wednesdays, bringing *Variety* and cigars, and tries to get him part-time work. Willie complains a lot. One day he demands to know why he didn't arrange for a part in a new, all-black musical. "I did black in 1927," he puffs, "and when I did black, you *understood* the words!" His life is a dreary procession of marking time, playing gin rummy at the Friar's Club, reading obituaries of old friends in *Variety*, and singing along to the Lipton tea jingle on TV. No one built a statue of Willie Clark, but the pigeons are everywhere.

Ben, the nephew, is a zealous sort, the movie's straight man. (Benjamin carries off his role decently, but well this side of Inspiration.) He is dutiful and works hard for Uncle Willie. He arranges a deal with ABC, which is doing a special on the History of Comedy and wants Lewis and Clark to get together for a skit. Willie's reaction falls short of enthusiasm. "But *why* won't you do it?" pleads the nephew. "Artistic differences," says Willie.

"*What* artistic differences?"

"I hate the son of a bitch."

His reasons for hating Al Lewis center around Lewis' 47-year-old habit of poking Willie in the chest, saying words with t's in them, and spitting in his face a lot. But mostly Willie hates Al because "the son of a bitch walked out on me in the middle of my career."

"But if it was so bad," asks the nephew, "why did you stay with him for 47 years?"

"Because he was the *best*," says Wil-

lie, very seriously. "No one could time a joke like Al Lewis." He turns and walks up the stairs at the Friar's Club, leaving the frustrated agent with the thought, "As an actor, no one could touch him. As a human being, no one wanted to touch him." The remark about Lewis' perfect timing is curious and probably deliberate, a tribute to the man who played straight man to his wife for 17 years on television and timed jokes, as Willie says, like no one. Who else but George Burns?

George Burns without his El Producto is like, well, like Groucho without his. George Burns without Gracie is strange too, and kind of sad, like Groucho without Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo. Bundled up in his daughter's clean white house with the grandfather clock ticking, he naps as the camera steals in on him. George Burns, age 79, wears thick glasses, and without his grey toupee looks like Picasso, age 92. "Dad's a little slow," his daughter warns Willie's nephew, who has come to push the deal. Sure enough, Al Lewis seems a lot older than Willie. And gentler. "I don't hate him," he says of his old partner. "I can't stand him, but I don't hate him." Once you hear the old voice again, George Burns seems a lot younger. It's good to hear the voice again.

The nephew jockeys back and forth between New Jersey and the Ansonia, playing diplomat to the two, and the task is no less demanding than the Damascus-Jerusalem shuttle. He gets a shaky agreement and after 11 years Willie Clark and Al Lewis come together once again to rehearse their doctor skit for ABC in Willie's apartment. Their meeting is predictably genial.

"So how are you?" asks Willie.

"Can't complain," says Al.

"I hoid yer blood don't circulate." And so on.

Willie expresses exquisite contempt for New Jersey ("I'm sorry they ever finished the George Washington Bridge") and delivers an inspired soliloquy on social awareness and the real thing.

"I look out my window and what do I see? I see all sorts of people. Rich people, poor people, big people, small people, drunks, dope addicts, murders, muggings, fires, riots. I see life!" he shouts, waving a kitchen knife at Al. "You? What do *you* see? De lawn-mo-ah an' de milkman." The scene ends in one of the better moments in the history of comedy: Willie chasing Al around the sofa with the knife, threatening to cut off his finger if he gets poked again. It's high slapstick, and there are no two better practitioners of the art around. Matthau provides the sound and fury. Burns lets himself get chased around sofas, abused and battered, always holding back, always waiting for the precise moment, just like the pro he's always been.

The Sunshine Boys continues at this pitch into the ABC studios where the special is being filmed. Halfway through their skit, Al starts poking Willie in the chest again and this time it is Willie's blood that doesn't circulate. Pursuing Al up the stairwell, followed by the nephew and yet another frustrated TV director, he has a heart attack and falls. A woman screams, a tall man with a Carmen Miranda fruit cocktail hat brings a blanket, and other freaks of the TV age stand 'round the collapsed Vaudevillian, as Willie, his voice for once subdued, whimpers over and over the name of that elusive potato chip, *Frumpies*.

He recovers, though, and lives on to make life difficult for his day nurse. In one scene the nurse snores in a chair with an open box of chocolates on her lap while Willie hurls wads of cotton from his bed. Finally he throws a week's worth of *Variety*. "You owe me forty bucks," he tells her. "You get that much for watching me sleep. Why shouldn't I get that much for watching you sleep?" Al comes to visit. The first minutes are tense as Willie tries to obtain an apology for his heart attack. He gets none, and the two realize, finally, that enough is enough, that time is running out, after all, and they fall quietly to arguing over another obit in *Variety*. The camera takes leave of the Sunshine Boys as gently as it entered, on Willie in Herald Square amid the pigeons and on Al in New Jersey amid the lawnmowers and milkmen.

For such sympathetic camera work, Director Ross gets my vote of confidence. He seems only to have held back in one scene which might otherwise have been a classic: the spectacle of Al, tired and old, telling the nephew, "If you don't mind, I'd like to stay a while. It'd make me feel good," and taking a seat in the hospital corridor to keep a vigil over his stricken partner. But Ross and company have given us enough scenes which are destined for recognition, perhaps even for fame.

The Sunshine Boys is a great film for the tension it keeps between the burlesque and the poignant. Its flaws are forgiven. And so, in the end, are Willie's indulgences. For the Sunshine Boys the world has become an Ansonia Hotel, about which George Burns recently sighed and shrugged to an interviewer, You know, this place used to have real class. It tells a story we would do well to listen to, of two old men who have only the Old Actors' Home to look forward to and who are only trying to tell the pigeons and the *Frumpie* people that when one is tired of Vaudeville, one is tired of life. □

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The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

As I travel the width and breadth of America seeking the Presidential nomination, I have many encouraging encounters, for instance, when I brought my campaign to Stoppard, New Hampshire. I began in the town's only massage parlor, where absolutely no one had ever heard of me; however, after I started shaking hands and enunciating my proposals laughter broke out in the room, and the owner of the parlor offered me a tempting salary on the basis of my hand-shaking alone. I had not brought my swim suit so I could not consider his proposal, but several of my more animated listeners enthusiastically urged that I "get the hell out of here," and directed me to a large stone building where they said that "people talk just like you, big ears." The building seemed to be a state-run Hilton and my articulation of the issues went over so well that the man in charge demanded that I stay. It took my campaign manager three days to get me out of there, but as we roared off on our motor bikes, still ringing in my ears was the friendly response of one of my roommates who listened to my tax reforms and confided, "Fred, you're as crazy as me." While there I developed another advanced idea. If I get the nomination I shall be the first man ever to choose for his running mate a live tree. Why not? Trees have rights too. And the sooner we recognize the dignity and basic humanity of trees, the sooner we will realize the dreams of this nation's Founding Persons.

Incidentally, how can I refute those vicious charges that to nominate me is to nominate a man who cannot win?

—Smash the State,
Fred Harris

Dear Mr. Harris:

Your supposed weakness is your strong suit. The very fact that there is absolutely no chance of your ever being President should prove a powerful rationale for voting for you. The conscientious citizen can fulfill his obligation to vote, fully aware that there is absolutely no possibility his vote will be held against him during the next four years. In your campaign appeals I suggest that you stress the impossibility of your election. Tell the voters that no one as crazy as you has ever been elected. Remind them of how often Bryan tried and failed. Remind them of Willkie. Finally, set their minds at ease by quoting Article II, section 1, paragraph 5 of the Constitution. In the unlikely event you were elected, the Congress would duly declare you mentally disabled. After the past 16 years, the prospect of having a tree reign as President ought to encourage millions of Americans. Good luck and fair winds.

—GWP

Book Review/Paul Gottfried

The Scholarship That Failed

Because of its appealing subject matter —the transformation of four Communist intellectuals into conservatives—*Up from Communism* held my interest from beginning to end. The four personalities it explores, moreover, have always intrigued me. Will Herberg, the theologian and sociologist of religion, is a friend I admire; James Burnham, author of *Suicide of the West*, is my favorite analyst of international relations; while Max Eastman and John Dos Passos, the novelist, strike me as two of the more colorful Bohemian figures of the interwar years. Eastman, for example, dismayed his fellow Communists as a young man by attempting to Freudianize Marx; still the maverick forty years later, he would lecture his fellow conservatives on the virtues of atheism.

Another attractive aspect of *Up from Communism* is the engrossing scholarship on the doctrinal struggles which beset American Marxism during the twenties and thirties. Examining the psychological effects on the American Communists of the bitter fight between Stalin and Trotsky, the Purges, and finally the Soviet-Nazi pact in 1939, Diggins makes copious use of memoirs and journals in dramatizing the crises faced by the Old Left, quoting them in great detail to analyze how these four young radicals lost their Marxist faith. We are then shown how the failing of the Communist deity pushed each of the four beyond the revolutionary fervor of his youth and into "the waiting arms of the pompous young author of *God and Man at Yale*."

Up from Communism

by John P. Diggins
Harper & Row
Outrageously expensive

This designation of their ultimate fate as defenders of McCarthyism and as "the respectable brain men of the *National Review*" tells much about the author's own view of the events in question. Although Diggins is generally critical of Stalin's enormities and of Communist disregard for freedom, his leftist sympathies are apparent already in the preface. Relating his experience at San Francisco State as a teacher during the "state of siege" in the sixties, he describes his hope then of instilling his students with his own reverence "for the intellectual achievements of the radicals of the thirties." And though he allegedly refused "to go whoring after the young," Diggins makes no bones about having "admired the political commitment and morally inspired madness of some factions of the New Left." By the same token, he denounces Cold Warriors, who advocate military force to stop Communist aggression.

In view of such sentiments, it is understandable that Diggins should treat his

subjects' radical phase with more empathy than their conservative one. He, furthermore, displays a grasp of his material which stands in direct proportion to his fondness for a given topic. Hence he shines in explaining the early historical and philosophical tracts of his two most learned subjects, Burnham and Herberg. And in revealing the origins and continuity of the socialist controversies in which both were steeped, he draws on his impressive knowledge of Marxist scholarship, both European and American.

In my opinion, his book would have been better, had he left his four anguished intellectuals at the moment of their break with Marxism. For, in the process of following them down from Communism into the apparent morass of conservative folly, Diggins quickly succumbs to his own ideological blindness. His response to their later writings is either indignantly critical or conspicuously condescending. When he explains their polemics, it is usually to demonstrate the superior ethics, or logic, of their liberal and radical opponents. To some extent Max Eastman is spared such treatment because of his fierce opposition to traditional religion. Nonetheless, almost all regular contributors to *National Review* except Garry Wills are made to seem intellectually irresponsible.

In keeping with this attitude, Diggins quite frequently tries to avoid, rather than respond to, the thrust of an unpleasant argument. For example, he never does justice to Will Herberg's contention that Martin Luther King's tactics for social change were dangerously incompatible with traditional Christianity. Instead, Diggins throws up a smokescreen by asserting the following: "Like Augustine King insisted that unjust laws are no laws at all; and, citing Aquinas, he declared that an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law." Although there is a long-standing theological sanction for opposition to tyranny, it is doubtful whether the state whose laws King scorned, fitted the traditional Christian definition of tyranny: forcing its subjects to do ungodly acts while allowing no peaceful redress of grievances. Furthermore, his resistance to established authority was not conceived as an individual and private witness to religious conscience; it was a public display of opposition intended to arouse violent feelings in others. What Herberg did, in several articles in the mid-sixties, was to show how widely King's social activism differed from that resistance to tyranny permitted by Augustine, Aquinas, Luther, and other Christian teachers. He then indicted this leader for encouraging the kinds of subjective moral judgments and the secularization of religious life which he believed were proving fatal to Christianity. On the evidence I can only bow to Herberg's documented appeal to traditional theology as against King's (and Diggins') rhapsodies to "higher laws" emptied of any specific religious content.

The author is even more adamant in denying a fair hearing to Burnham's views on the Cold War. Examining the latter's *Containment or Liberation?*, published in 1953, Diggins seems horrified by its dominant theme: namely, that the American government should actively support Eastern European resistance to Soviet rule. He shows disgust for Burnham's avowed intent to rally the West to a defense of freedom even in areas then under Communist domination. Challenging his moral right to inspire such a crusade, Diggins points to *The Machiavellians*, which Burnham wrote in 1943, and in which he specifically referred to liberty as an outmoded myth. In any case, suggests Diggins, the Cold War could have been largely avoided, had only Americans understood the limited objectives of postwar Soviet policy.

Hardly a monster bent on conquering the world, Stalin was, in Diggins' eyes, a statesman whose "acquiescence in geopolitics" had helped to "keep Finland and Greece out of the Soviet orbit." On the contrary, the Russians did intervene in Greece—indirectly through Yugoslavia and more directly through Bulgaria—and, as Burnham points out, they refused to raise the stakes only when they encountered stiff Greek resistance and risked a confrontation with a then more powerful America. As for Finland, Diggins conveniently forgets that the Soviets seized (or reseized) much of its territory after the War and that they still control Finnish foreign policy. So much for Stalin's "acquiescence in geopolitics"! And why question Burnham's credentials in 1953 to defend Western liberty on the basis of thoughts which he expressed in 1943 and later reconsidered? What proof does Diggins have that Burnham was simply dissembling, when he argued in favor of freedom? After all, he is willing to concede the authenticity of the same man's pilgrimage from Trotskyism to an implacable form of anti-Communism. Why can't he also allow him some second thoughts on liberty during a ten-year period?

Although Diggins implicates all his subjects in the "hysteria of McCarthyism," he does not bother to demonstrate a personal involvement on the part of any of them with McCarthy or his committee. What he ultimately charges is guilt by historical association: i.e., the failure of conservatives to abandon the Right during the McCarthy era. Burnham, for instance, is castigated for having referred to himself as "an anti anti-McCarthyite," while Dos Passos and Eastman have milder indiscretions brought up against them. Herberg creates problems, since he actually denounced McCarthy as a crude and "swashbuckling demagogue" while still writing for liberal journals in the early fifties. Nonetheless, Diggins chides Herberg too for having treated McCarthy simply as the latest representative of the increasing vulgarity of American politics. By so doing, as well as by mocking any comparison between the Senator and totalitarian leaders, Herberg was supposedly aiding the forces of reaction. Moreover, "his definition of religion as an 'either-or' total commitment seemed perilously close to the mentality of McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade."

One might finally note in passing that

Diggins' terms of description often reflect his political biases. While the *National Review* is described as either pompous or stridently missionary, the *New York Review of Books* is considered "prestigious." Conservatives are almost always hysterical: whence their affinity for the "hysteria of McCarthy." Since Diggins declares "the liberal tradition" (whatever that means in his presentation!) to be the only significant political and social force in America since the Founding Fathers, the Right is, by implication, anti-American. Liberals, conversely, are made to speak for reason, sanity, and, in the last two chapters, the sick and maimed of the world. Since people like Buckley and Burnham on the other side believe in "martyrdom for the sake of machismo" (the result of their male chauvinism and Cold War strategy), they have abandoned the weak to pursue their vision of nuclear holocaust.

Perhaps one can also find in this metaphor a clue to the fate of *Up from Communism*. Having begun as an exercise of scholarship, it becomes more and more irrational, finally dissolving into utter nonsense, as its author yields to hysteria. □

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **All Screwed Up:** Monstrously translated title (in Italian, *Tutto a Posto e Niente in Ordine*, literally "everything's in order but nothing works") for an ambitious though flawed film by Lina Wertmüller about a group of young country lads and lassies making do and making out in the big city, here Milan. But even a Wertmüller mediocrity surpasses most other films on the screen today, and this one offers many blazingly comic moments as well as some useful lessons about the eternal conflict between the sexes. Wertmüller's leftism doesn't lead her to distort reality—the most horrifying scene takes place at a wretched abortion clinic, whence one of the heroines flees in disgust and terror—but it does permeate the film to the extent of satirizing the upper classes and siding with the proletariat. Botched, but saved by Wertmüller's enormous talent.

■ **Hedda:** Ibsen's classic receives an icy interpretation in this adaptation of the Royal Shakespeare Company stage production. Glenda Jackson's Hedda Gabler betrays no hint of warmth, accentuating, to the extreme of excluding any other attribute, her disdain for anyone but herself. Like the play, the film closes in on itself in the heavy-laden drawing room of the asinine George Tesman, whither he has brought his new wife, Hedda, and whence she ponders correctives to her imagined role as prisoner of the "grotesque farce" of conventional marriage. Everyone pales beside Jackson's burning power.

■ **Inside Out:** Telly Savalas, Robert Culp, James Mason, and Aldo Ray want gold. A long-imprisoned Nazi knows where it is. They struggle to get him to tell. They play tricks on him. They are very clever. Even more clever is the moviegoer who stays home.

■ **The Killer Elite:** James Caan and Robert Duvall as agents of Com-Teg (read: CIA subsidiary) whose doings occasion, with naive wonder, the cinematic question: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The amorality is this thick, and the violence is knee-high, but there are some finely conceived scenes, almost ballet-like, wherein the gore is transformed into something of symbolic interest. The baddies get theirs in the end, and the good guy abandons the ratty ship. Along the way it is a seemingly endless trip.

■ **Lifeguard:** Somehow Paramount Pictures has agreed to distribute this impossibly boring surf-and-sudsy-sex soap opera about a mid-thirtyish beach boy (subspecies: lifeguard) and his girl friends, barely post-pubescent as well as mature, not to mention his homilies to the junior-grade lifeguards, the sand-dune cut-ups, and assorted wierdoes on the beach. Exasperatingly denuded of any real turn-on, not to mention its total absence of believable dialogue, intriguing characters, or insightful thought. A total wash-out—but watch it get the big push, assuming that Paramount cannot be talked out of carrying it any further.

■ **Next Stop, Greenwich Village:** Paul Mazursky's latest, yet another installment in the coming of age of Paul Mazursky. Shelley Winters as the Jewish Mother to inspire genocide, Ellen Greene and Lois Smith as relatively interesting Village characters, Christopher Walker as the sub-zero-intensity WASP egoist, Antonio Fargas as a Negro homosexual named Bernstein Chandler (you got it), and Lenny Baker as the Mazursky-like aspirant, Larry Lapinsky. No cliché is left unused, no bathetic possibility is skirted, no opportunity to chisel a stereotype into stone is passed by. Yet there is an engaging quality to the whole abysmal farce, and that's the worst thing about it: it works. Good grief!

■ **The Romantic Englishwoman:** Glenda Jackson and Michael Caine portray dutifully marrieds bored silly by each other's predictabilities, into whose routine slinks a cynical gigolo. Helmut Berger's Thomas rubs the woman's sexual fibers and arouses her novelist husband's curiosity, his researcher's quest for new material. All three smugly revel in their destinies, while the actors invigorate their roles with whatever vitality is possible in a movie manifesting almost total stasis.

■ **Seven Beauties:** The brightest movie of the new year, the latest from Lina Wertmüller, and an absolute knock-out. Giancarlo Giannini excels as the Neapolitan would-be Valentino, whose activities on behalf of his squalid family's "honor" lands him first in jail, then in an asylum, and finally in the war. Incarcerated in a Nazi concentration camp supervised by three hundred pounds of monstrosity (Shirley Stoler), he seeks escape from an almost inevitable death by trying to seduce the amazon. The movie is wildly funny and, simultaneously, horrifyingly tragic, and its excellence pervades every frame, every musical selection, every nuance of acting. Wertmüller's masterpiece, and one of the most remarkable movies in decades.

■ **The Slap:** Notable mainly for the appearance of Isabelle Adjani (of *The Story of Adèle H.*) in her second film to reach these shores, and for the expectably solid performances by Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot as her parents, this Claude Pinoteau movie falls into the trap of trying to substitute wry intentions for an all too apparent insignificance. All about a would-be wayward lass, her separated folks, her lovers and their lovers, and the complications arising therefrom. Less a slap than a flubbed peck on the cheek.

■ **Special Section:** Costa Gavras returns, this time laying aside (one presumes, temporarily) his by now quite tawdry crusade to distort history for the greater glory of the Left, picking up instead the degrading story of Vichy collaborationism, but pickling it in the thinnest juice. What could have been a devastating probe of justice perverted for expediency's sake emerges as a ponderous, almost amateurish drag. □

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- MURRAY N. ROTHBARD, the well-known economist, historian, and social critic.
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Libertarian Review

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"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

STUDIES IN HISTORY: Another complicated historical exegesis confected for the lout intelligentsia:

If the American male was made to believe that it is somehow "manly" to endure discomfort and pain, then he could go down to the coal face every day and believe he was doing something valuable. If World War I had been explained as a struggle for colonial markets, Woodrow Wilson would not have been able to raise an army to go to Europe and fight; call it a "war to save democracy" and the volunteers would line up in the millions. The American male was given some small edge: He could enforce monogamy on his wife, have her as his possession, and perhaps even beat her up once in a while.

—*Village Voice*
December 15, 1975

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: A flabbergasted Sheldon Wolin reports to the *New York Review of Books* on curious creatures he has encountered while exploring exotic parts—hello, what's this:

To a man *The Public Interest* contributors appear to have been traumatized by the Sixties. They perceive the decade as a period of agitation and violence that threatened to destroy the universities and the public order.

—*New York Review of Books*
February 5, 1976

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG: Miss Shirley MacLaine, author, reveals one of life's turning points in a passage that could have been written by Richard Nixon:

Somewhere along the line when I was two I believed it was possible to turn every disadvantage to an advantage if you knew the key.

—*You Can Get There From Here*
by Shirley MacLaine

INFLATION: The percipient Martin F. Nolan passes on two profundities from two "social commentators"—an intellectualoid banquet:

...recalling the wise words of two social commentators: one, Mary McGrory, who wrote, "To be a celebrity in America is to be forgiven everything," and the other, Nora Ephron, who finds herself "continually fascinated at the difficulty intelligent people have in distinguishing what is controversial from what is merely offensive."

—*New York Times Book Review*
February 1, 1976

MODERN METAPHYSICIANS: Mr. Jerry Rubin, former Yippie, dares to dream:

I know that what we were part of in the 1960's will return in some other form. Wouldn't it be far-out if we could build a movement based on positive self-love and love for everyone without destructive infighting. A movement that always tells the truth, that communicates love and positive vibes, that fights injustice with humanity and love.

—*New York Times*
January 24, 1976

GLAD TIDINGS: The worthy TRB spots traces of a soaring dream in the Ford Administration:

At 10 minutes to eight on the first morning of this month Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger met some 20 reporters at breakfast and continued what can only be considered an organized maneuver by President Ford and his administration to make the idea of nuclear war thinkable.

—*New Republic*
July 26, 1975

ECONOMICS MADE EASY: Mr. George McGinnis, professional athlete, explains the mysteries of capitalism for the untutored. Galbraith, are you listening?:

Look, under the Constitution I have the right to earn as much money as I am capable of. Let's be realistic. One, I've only two years of college education. Two, I'm black. And, three, I'm not very smart, although I have a lot of common sense. My time is now. I sign a six-year contract and then, maybe, just maybe, I might have two or three more years. What happens to George McGinnis then? I don't want to be a stockbroker. I don't want to wear a suit and tie and work 8 to 5. I don't see why it's so complicated. Here's one pile of money and there's another. One pile is larger. It doesn't take any intelligence to figure that out.

—*Sports Illustrated*
June 23, 1975

KULTUR NOTES: Proof of the vegetant condition of culture in liberated Saigon, the Vienna of Indochina. If only Beethoven had lived to see it!:

More than 100 songs and other musical works have been composed in Saigon since the South Vietnamese capital was taken over by Communist-led forces April 30, according to a North Vietnamese broadcast.

—*New York Times*
December 21, 1975

THE MEDIA: Catastrophe, at the UN, as duly reported by the level-headed Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway, *mein Gott*:

With hair flying and fists pummeling the rostrum, the portly U.S. Ambassador to the UN, Mr. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, bellows out his denunciations of the "Soviet colonization of Africa." In his fear-sodden imagination he sees vast Soviet armadas dominating the waters around southern Africa; he sees the rich argosies of the Soviet merchant marine ploughing their way back to the Russian motherland, laden with African loot—gold, diamonds, molybdenum, cobalt, ivory, and all the other treasures of the dark continent. He sees a Communist swathe bisecting Africa, red communes where once the tribal chieftains and the Peace Corps held sway. He sees white South Africa put to the sword, a link up of black communism with insurgent Latin America, the swift isolation of the United States, and finally the triumph of the Third World, dancing to the Soviet tune. This nightmare he shares with his master, Henry Kissinger.

—*Village Voice*
January 5, 1976

GOOD GOVERNMENT: The astonishing mental amplitude of a modern Solomon, steadily rising up from the mundane buzz of the California legislature:

SACRAMENTO—A lawmaker said yesterday he will investigate "who owns the sun" to help protect the solar rights of less affluent persons.

"Sunlight must be allocated in a manner that will balance skyscraper construction against individual property rights," said Assemblyman John J. Miller (Dem-Oakland).

Miller added, "Corporate construction plans must not be allowed to deprive less affluent property owners of sunlight."

He announced that his Assembly Judiciary Committee will conduct a hearing Thursday to consider whether the Legislature should provide for solar easements or zoning regulations to protect individuals' solar rights.

—*San Francisco Chronicle*
December 9, 1975

FROM ACADEME: Dr. George Wald, Higgins professor of biology at Harvard University and 1968 Nobel Prize winner in physiology and medicine, proves that one can be a scientific genius and, at the same time, a political idiot:

Our country suffers from a condition I think of as *saturation politics*. Until a few years ago, if something was done by the Government that upset a lot of people we would organize a demonstration. Within a month or so we could bring 100,000 to 500,000 persons to Washington to protest. Well, suddenly such crises began to hit us about once a week; as we began to organize a protest, the next crisis hit us, and then the next, and then the next. After several years of that, we ended with a numbed, dazed, punch-drunk public, incapable of further response.

—*The Progressive*
December 1975

HAVENDER FOOTNOTES
(continued from page 13)

(1) Kamin, L., "Heredity, Intelligence, Politics and Psychology," speech before the Eastern Psychological Association Convention, May 5, 1973.

(2) Jencks, C., et al., *Inequality*, Harper & Row (paperback ed.), 1972, chap. III, esp. pp. 53, 86, 94, 106, 109, and 255.

(3) Strickland, S.P., "Can Slum Children Learn?", in *The Fallacy of IQ*, Senna, C. (ed.), The Third Press—Joseph Okpaku Publisher, 1973, p. 150.

(4) Jencks, C., *op. cit.*, p. 97.

(5) Jensen, A.R., *Genetics and Education*, Harper & Row, 1972, p. 135.

(6) *Ibid.*, p. 74.

(7) *Ibid.*, p. 201.

(8) Dobzhansky, T., *Genetic Diversity and Human Equality*, Basic Books, 1973, p. 38.

(9) *Id.*

(10) Jencks, C., *op. cit.*, p. 256.

(11) Jensen, A.R., *Genetics and Education*, p. 203.

(12) Friedman, M., "The Voucher Idea," *New York Times Magazine*, September 23, 1973, p. 22.

(13) Jencks, C., *op. cit.*, pp. 36-37.

(14) Lewontin, R., "Race and Intelligence," *Bull. Atom. Sci.*, March 1970, p. 3.

(15) Dobzhansky, T., "Differences Are Not Deficits," *Psychology Today*, December 1973, p. 97.

(16) Jensen, A.R., "Race and the Genetics of Intelligence: A Reply to Lewontin," *Bull. Atom. Sci.*, May 1970, p. 17.

(17) Jensen, A.R., *Genetics and Education*, p. 29.

(18) Jencks, C., *op. cit.*, chap. III.

(19) Popper, K.R., *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, Harper & Row, 1959, p. 41 and throughout.

(20) Urbach, P., "Progress and Degeneration in the 'IQ Debate'," *Brit. J. Phil. Sci. 25*, (1974), pp. 99-135 and 235-259.

(21) Jensen, A.R., "Heritability and Teachability," in *Emerging Issues in Education*, J.E. Bruno (ed.), D.C. Heath, 1972, p. 82.

(22) Jensen, A.R., "Can We and Should We Study Race Differences?" in *Race and Intelligence*, C.L. Brace, G.R. Gamble, and J.T. Bond (eds.), Anthropological Studies No. 8, American Anthropological Association, 1971, p. 23.

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

When the asinine ideas became law they were discouraged. Now they are low; they need a boost.

I prescribe ridicule. It is an equitable response to the likes of Ralph Nader or John Gardner. It is a soothing emollient for our peculiarly troubled national spirit. Ridicule does not elevate nonsense to any higher level than that at which it was hatched. It is entertaining and far more edifying to the public discourse than the facile dissimulations now rampant there. Ridicule is the compliment lively intelligence pays to jackassery. It is a national treasure certified by Mark Twain, beloved by millions, and eschewed only at great peril. Use it wisely and learn from it. □

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